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ARTICLE I.

THE ATONEMENT A THREEFOLD SATISFACTION.

IT is required of a judge that he shall justify or acquit the innocent. It is equally and for the same reason required of a judge that he shall condemn and punish the guilty. In order to be just, and to maintain a reputation for righteousness, the judge must treat the innocent and the guilty according to their respective characters. Anything else is manifestly unlawful and unjust. But God, the judge of all, treats a certain class of people exactly the reverse of this: he treats the guilty as though they were innocent: he sets the transgressors of his law at liberty, acquitting them as if they had been obedient and faithful in all things. And the ground on which he does this, declaring himself just while he thus justifies the sinner, is this; Christ has died a propitiatory sacrifice in our behalf. Here are the things into which the angels desire to look.

The sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow, this is what distinguishes our globe from every other, and turns upon it the eyes and the interest of the angelic hosts. They pass by all the wonders of our natural scenery—the thunder of our cataracts, and the glory of our snow-crowned mountains—for they are familiar with worlds where all the waters of our oceans, as well as inland seas, might pour through an ordinary valley. They pass by, also, all the beauty of our architecture, works

of skill and power—the dome of St. Peter's is a mole hill in their eyes; for they know the vast frame-work and mighty grandeur of the heavens. But they visit the house of Mary; they shout their joy through the sky when Jesus is born in Bethlehem of Judea; they minister to him in the mysterious sorrows of Gethsemane; they watch and wait about his tomb; they attend him as he rises from Olivet, and returns to the glory which he had with the Father before the world was. The Son, solving the problem of human redemption, the sufferings of Christ, foretold by the prophets, and the glory that shall follow, this is the peculiarity, the miracle, the strange, stupendous elevation of deity in our world, and the angels bend forward, absorbed in the study of it.

We may not expect now, perhaps, to enjoy their breadth of grasp, nor their depth of insight; but, considering our relations and indebtedness to Christ in this matter involving every interest and affection of the human soul, ought not our desire to look into these things to be, at least, as profound and as unquenchable as theirs?

Our object now is to see, as far as possible, how the atonement meets the demand for this: that is, the necessities of the divine government; of the human conscience; and of the nature of God.

And first, how does the atonement, or the sacrificial death of Christ, meet the necessities of the divine government? What is the divine government? It is, after its author, the most beautiful, beneficent, perfect and glorious thing in the universe. The morning is beautiful as it breaks in light over the eastern hills, the dew drops are perfect as they hang from fragrant leaf and flower, and glow in the rising sun; how exquisitely formed in lines and angles is every little snow-flake, how perfectly graceful is the structure and position of each plant and shrub, and tree; how beautiful in our admiration is the ministry of every one who goes forth to reclaim the wretched children of calamity, vice and crime; to nurse the sick and wounded: and yet every ray of the morning, and every rounding of the dew drop, and every angle of the snow-flake, and the crystal, and the diamond, and the ministry of the benevolent and self-denying, and all that wakes our interest in nature, and all that ex-

cites our admiration in character, is beautiful and beneficent and admirable, not because it is erratic and accidental, but because it is conformed to the government and rule of law. And if, from these reflections and shadows, we rise to contemplate the divine moral government in all its perfect relations and benevolent designs, it is above and beyond all that these illustrations suggest as the sun is above the light of a candle, or the character of Jesus above that of John, his disciple. But this is only saying of the government of God over moral beings, "how perfect it is; how good." The question is: "What is it?" It is not a government of force, not a blind omnipotence, it is not the driving of moral beings along an iron groove, it is not the forming of character in a cast iron mould. What is it then? It is the appeal of God to the reason, and conscience, and hopes, and fears of his creatures; it is the influence of the Creator upon moral beings, an influence exerted by means of laws and penalties. This is the moral government of God, the exercise not of force but of authority; the influence and appeal addressed to us in the precepts and penalties, laws and motives of his word. So far as our present purpose is concerned, the government of God over his moral creatures is a government of motives.

What then is necessary in order that it may be sustained? What are the necessities of this government? Simply these, that its motives should be kept unimpaired. To weaken the motives is to weaken the government. To destroy the influence of penalty by refusing to execute it, is to destroy the influence of the law. And to destroy the law is to destroy the very element and essence of beauty and beneficence and glory in the moral world, even as the violation of physical law would be the destruction of the physical world.

These necessities are met in the atonement of Christ. The law is not weakened in men's esteem, but honored. For Christ submitted to all its requirements, he endured its penalty. Christ came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil, and this he did by answering its demands, and not by doing something else. Thus he testifies, most emphatically, to its sacred character, to its goodness and its necessity. Thus he does not weaken, but enhances immensely, in our esteem, the

motives to keep the law. Thus he magnified the law, that is, greatedened the impression of its immutable worth and necessity in the minds of all. If the law of God cannot be relaxed when his own Son is bearing its penalty, it can never be relaxed. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but this holy, beneficent law shall not pass away.

So in regard to the evil of sin, it never seems such a dreadful thing, it never seems so shocking, vile and odious as when we contemplate the sufferings which it cost the Lord Jesus Christ to atone for it.

We may go even further than this, and say that the divine government is stronger because of the sufferings and death of Christ in place of the sinner. By his suffering in the sinner's stead, an impression, an abiding, overwhelming impression is made on all moral creatures throughout the universe, that the Law-giver is inflexibly just; that sin is an unspeakable evil; that the law can not be set aside; that its penalty can not be relaxed. This impression is all the more deeply made, because it is seen that the atonement involves, and expresses not only the justice, but the love of God. Here "mercy and truth are met together." The divine government is strengthened rather than weakened by this penal suffering and death of Christ. You remember the king who made a law the penalty of which was the loss of both his eyes to the transgressor. His own son was the first to offend. He ordered the son to be deprived of one eye, and was himself deprived of one. Here was the sovereign and the father in the same transaction, and though the literal penalty of the law was not paid, which would have been the two eyes of the offending son, yet doubtless a deeper impression was made as to the justice of the father, and the value of the law, and the certainty of its execution, than if the paternal heart had not thus appeared. Certainly the infliction of the penalty upon his son, even though he shared it with him, must have made a far deeper impression upon the whole kingdom, than the punishment of any number of unknown culprits could have done.

So in the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ. A far more striking impression is made as to the immeasurable value and sacredness of the law, and the certainty of its execution, than

would be made by the punishment of any number of the lost. At the first glance there is something very arresting in the fact that Jesus Christ is an innocent person. The guilty suffer and no man takes any notice of it. That is natural. The guilty are expected to suffer. But Christ is immaculate, perfect. And yet his visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men, that many are astonished at the sight.

Moreover, he is the Son of God, not the inferior and so one of many, but the equal, or as Zechariah says, the man that is fellow with the Almighty, and the Shepherd against whom the sword is commanded to awake, and so one alone. That lone, solitary, forsaken sufferer, stretched, bleeding, dying on Calvary, is incarnate Deity! And the hosts of heaven look down and rivet their intensest gaze on the unfolding mystery. The old law-giver, the psalmist, and prophets find him, like a sun that never sets, always visible in their horizon. "The desire of all nations," the nations have shown a blind consciousness of his approach; yea, the stars and the sun, and the earth seemed to acknowledge his majesty, his advent, and his departure. He bears our sins: He suffers; yea, even He suffers in the sinner's place. And what is the witness of the lost to the truth of God, and to the sacredness of his law, compared with that of these sufferings of Messiah, God's coequal Son?

The sufferings of a culprit in any one of our penitentiaries make little impression on the community. True, it is something to know that these stone walls and iron bars exist, and there is a feeling of safety in the thought that the guilty are confined there. But the history and name of the criminal are soon forgotten. His arrest, in a family high or low, gave him a sudden notoriety; his trial, if protracted by means of able counsel, made him conspicuous for the hour; but he is proved guilty, his punishment is deserved, and, withdrawn from the great living community, lost sight of, he lingers out his miserable life forgotten and unknown.

Just so with sinners on whom the sentence of condemnation and banishment is to be executed in the world to come. They will be of little consequence, awakening no more interest in

their sufferings, than the guilty occupant of a cell awakens in our minds to-day. Justly condemned, as all will agree, speedily forgotten, unknown to the great mass of the universe, they must wear out a wretched imprisonment, exciting little comment, making little impression. Hence, the testimony which the bearing of their punishment affords to the righteousness of God, and the importance of maintaining his law, must be comparatively limited and feeble.

Not so, when the innocent one, the Messiah of the prophets, the Son of God, takes upon himself our liabilities and bears the penalty in the sinner's stead. That is a sight which arrests the attention of the universe, it is a scene to be woven into the thought and feeling and memory of all intelligent creatures, just as the prediction, and the story of his life and death are woven into, yea, constitute the woof and warp, the shadow and substance, of the whole Bible. He bore our sins in his own body on the tree, and heaven and earth and hell, God, angels, men and devils, witnessed his sufferings. He died, enduring for the sinner the curse of the broken law; and therefore, because of the innocence of his nature, the majesty of his person, and the eternal conspicuousness of his sonship, bore a testimony to the immutability of the divine government, the righteousness of God, the goodness of the law, the certainty of its execution, and the appalling evil of sin. We say, the Son of God, attracting to himself the eyes of all worlds while suffering in the sinner's stead, bore a testimony, and made an impression on the universe, that sinners, suffering their own penalty, never could have borne or made.

Thus the necessity of sustaining the divine government is not lowered in men's esteem, though the guilty are freed; the motives to obedience are not taken away, but immensely strengthened. No man can ever entertain the thought now, that the law will be relaxed, or its penalties changed for something else. The suffering of one so illustrious must be known throughout the whole extent of the divine kingdom, and must make an impression and a record never to be effaced. Thus Christ, by his atonement, meets the necessities of the divine government, honors the law, and magnifies the motives to keep it.

Not less fully does the atonement of Christ meet the necessities of the human conscience. What is conscience? It is the divine faculty in man. It is the power which perceives what is right and what is wrong, and passes judgment on each according to its character. It is the side of our nature which is allied with God, which sympathizes with him, which reflects his feeling. Conscience feels, instinctively, though the feeling may never be analyzed, nor acknowledged perhaps in words, that God is displeased with sin, and that his law is righteous, and its penalty a just expression of his displeasure. Conscience feels that sin, as the Bible everywhere teaches, is an evil of such malignity and magnitude that it must be punished. Every truly penitent and believing sinner endorses, involuntarily and with all the strength of his enlightened moral nature, the law which condemns and consigns him to everlasting punishment. No man asks for Christ, no man accepts Christ as his true and only Saviour, until he feels that sentence is passed upon him, and that the sentence is altogether just. And as we condemn ourselves, so, also, do we condemn others for wrong-doing. Even the heathen show this law written on their hearts. It is the human conscience which speaks, when the islanders, watching the viper that comes out from under the burning sticks and fastens upon the hand of Paul, say "among themselves, no doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live." Conscience is the echo of the divine law which demands the punishment of sin.

Still further, conscience, when enlightened by the Holy Spirit, and feeling the guilt of sin, is the most sensitive and timorous thing in the world. Perceiving intuitively the truth of Scripture, and apprehending by a kind of delegated prescience the nature and certainty of the judgment day, conscience feels that the very foundations of the Gospel must be subjected to the most intense scrutiny and fiery trial. The divine government is not a piece of shifting, temporary expediency, but an immutable arrangement founded on the eternal principles of right and justice. And the enlightened conscience, somewhat blindly, indeed, but truly and instinctively, anticipates the searchings and findings of that day of days.

What, then, is the necessity of conscience; the necessity that must be met? Plainly, just this: it must see that the foundation on which the sinner is invited to trust himself, is a foundation which can stand the searchings of eternal justice, a foundation which will stand when the heavens fall, and which is every way undoubted, and adequate to the scrutiny and trial of the final judgment. Conscience can not trust anything else. The enlightened sinner can not believe till he sees and feels that the offered foundation is every way, and for all time, and for all worlds trustworthy.

Besides this, that the proffered salvation must be without flaw, like the lamb for sacrifice, without spot, or wrinkle, or blemish, or suspicion; the provision must sustain, uphold and solemnly confirm in the mind of the sinner the idea that sin is a great and fearful evil: otherwise the instinct of conscience is contradicted and debauched by the very act of forgiveness. Can it be necessary to say, that neither sorrow, nor tears, nor repentance can do this? These are not the correlate of crime. They can not restore your broken bone if you leap from the roof of the house. You might feel that you would not jump again; but you have jumped and the consequences are incurred. So under the divine moral government, the deed is done, the penalty is let loose, and repentance can not withstand its tooth and bite, can not undo the deed. The wickedness is committed, and conscience utters its voice. From this there can be no appeal.

This, then, is the necessity of conscience: it must see that the foundations on which it is invited to stand are immovable and firm, that the guilt of sin is crimson in its hues even while it is forgiven. This urgent necessity of the conscience the atonement meets. God is seen to be just while he justifies the guilty. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." And in the penalty borne by Christ conscience perceives that justice has not been robbed, but satisfied; and now pardon is offered to the believer in Jesus, is offered to him who trusts in his blood, on those eternal and unchanging principles of right and justice which no judicial exigencies in the history of the world can contravene, which no trial of the judgment day can disturb. On this everlasting foundation, justice satisfied, not

cheated, not put off for a time, but fully and forever satisfied, conscience rests. This is evangelical repose, and it is fully adequate to all the necessities of our fallen humanity; its hour of sickness and disappointment and darkest sorrow. It fails not in the hour of death; in the day of judgment it is fulness of joy.

At the same time the guilt of sin is not abated, nor palliated. In the vicarious sufferings and death of Christ it is seen that God abhors sin while he provides for its forgiveness. The evil of sin, which fills the conscience with indescribable and appalling dread, is not lessened nor lowered. It is still an unspeakable evil which the sinner rejoices with profound gratitude and consecration to Christ to be delivered from. Thus by the atonement of Christ the necessities of conscience are met and satisfied. "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Where all human philosophy fails, and all human endeavor ends only in blank despair, the death of Jesus Christ brings the needed relief.

Not that men reason in this way, not that they stop to analyze their mental processes in believing, or to take note of their feelings, but, just as the new-born infant instinctively desires its appointed nutriment the guilt-stricken, thirsting conscience accepts and appropriates the blood of Christ. "My flesh is meat, indeed, and my blood is drink, indeed."

By the atonement of Christ the necessities of the divine nature are also met, the justice of God is satisfied. We do not lose sight of the great truth that God is the universal and compassionate Father; that he looks with ineffable sympathy on all the human race. "God is love." But God is a sovereign, a law-giver, a judge. And as such, sitting at the head of a government perfect in rectitude and design, adapted to make every subject infinitely and forever happy by obedience to its commands, he must, as we have seen, regard and execute the law. Were you a judge you would feel that the laws must be enforced. And if you were really a good man, you would not only have no sympathy with offenders, but would feel moral indignation at their offences. In proportion to your love of order and right and justice, all the nobler elements of your nature would be excited and aroused to withstand

such conduct and demand its punishment. This feeling of anger and opposition toward all who wickedly oppose and wantonly aim to destroy a good government, is legitimate and righteous. Distant be the day when our rulers and our citizens generally shall have any other feeling. Just so the Scriptures speak of the divine indignation toward sin. If sin succeeds, the authority of God must go down. If sinners prevail, a righteous judge must leave the throne, and misrule and anarchy and wretchedness must spread their blight throughout his dominions. God can not allow this. The infinite goodness of his nature must resist the suspicion that such a state of things can gain a foothold in his empire. Hence, we read that God will by no means clear the guilty.

But more than this we read, and it is the natural expression of a necessary, constitutional feeling; "God is angry with the wicked every day." Such an expression grates harshly on the ears of a certain class of people, but the trouble arises from misapprehension, from imputing to the Creator such selfish anger as sinful creatures feel. God is not enraged, his anger moves like the stars, irresistibly, but silently and lawfully; moves upon offenders like the sun from morning to meridian in the midsummer of a torrid zone, the life of the world, but growing steadily hotter and hotter till it burns like a consuming fire. God's anger is the indignation of a just and holy conscience against unmingled sin; a feeling which all holy beings in the universe must approve.

Now this feeling must be somehow appeased, this sense of outraged justice must be propitiated. That is no mercy which overrides or robs this sense of justice. In the atonement by Jesus Christ this necessity in the nature of a holy God is met. Taking the sinner's place, the eternal Son suffers his penalty, and thus this sense of outraged justice is appeased; and now mercy can come forth with pardon for the guilty. That unfathomable pity which yearned for expression in the divine nature, can now, consistently with the claims of justice, and the maintenance of government, flow out to sinful man. In the sufferings and death of Christ, righteousness and peace have embraced each other. God is just, as the Scripture teaches; feels himself to be just; shows the sensitive, timorous conscience that

he is just; declares to the universe that he is just, while he justifies the sinner who believeth in Jesus.

The fact that he made his Son an offering for sin, is proof undoubted that there was no other way by which we can be saved. If we reject him, therefore, we are lost. There is no escape from the logical conclusion, there will be no escape from the judicial condemnation.

ARTICLE II.

FRAUD IN AUTHORSHIP.

Christian Memorials of the War; or Scenes and Incidents Illustrative of Religious Faith and Principle, Patriotism and Bravery in our Army. With Historical Notes by HORATIO B. HACKETT, Professor of Biblical Literature and Interpretation in Newton Theol. Inst: author of "Illustrations of Scripture," "Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles," etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1864.

Nurse and Spy in the Union Army; Comprising the Adventures and Experiences of a Woman in Hospitals, Camps and Battle Fields: By S. EMMA E. EDMONDS. Published by subscription only, by W. S. Williams & Co., Hartford, Conn. 1865.

SOME one has remarked that an impartial history of the late rebellion in this country can not be written by an American. However this may be, it is certainly the work of no other than Americans to collect and preserve the materials of this history. Of course, our public archives, national and state, are rich and safe depositories of these materials. Our government has also made provision for the collection and preservation of the archives of the so-called Confederate States; and Dr. Francis Lieber, than whom no better man could have been selected, has been placed in charge of the work. But there are many facts relative to the recent struggle which lie outside of these public materials of our history, which are also worthy of preservation. It is true they do not belong strictly to the department of history. They are fragmentary records. As the records, however,

of personal experience they are full of interest, and serve best to illustrate the spirit which has characterized our loyal people during the past four years.

We are glad, therefore, to know that a society, of which Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury is the president, has been formed in Boston for the purpose of collecting and preserving these fragmentary records. Letters and diaries, written by our officers and soldiers, containing matters of general interest, are solicited by this society. These will be properly arranged, and doubtless, from time to time, memorial volumes will be published. We bespeak for the society the hearty co-operation of every man and woman in the old Commonwealth. The importance of now searching out and bringing together these widely scattered fragments can not be overestimated. Time is the destroyer as well as the discoverer, and in a few years our search, if it be delayed, will be in vain.

This field has not wholly been overlooked. There are those who have already thrust in the sickle here and there, and proved how abundant is the harvest which awaits the reapers. Dr. Hackett's "Memorials of the War" is a rich store house of these occasional sketches. Intensely loyal, this eminent scholar, laying aside in a measure his favorite studies, watched the progress of the late conflict with an interest which never flagged. "Scenes and incidents, illustrative of religious faith and principle, patriotism and bravery in our army," as they came under his observation, were gathered by him and carefully preserved. At length, with a view to their preservation in a more permanent form, a selection from these scenes and incidents thus collected was made, and published in the volume just mentioned. In this selection, care was taken to give a place only to those incidents which were well authenticated. Many of the narratives it was found necessary to abridge. In some instances they were extended by facts drawn from other sources. Explanatory remarks were added. The work was a labor of love, "a grateful service to the friends of our brave soldiers, as well as an act of justice to the soldiers themselves."

Of course only those incidents should be preserved which are entirely trustworthy. Exaggerated statements excite suspicion, if not disgust; and those who present them only injure

the cause they seek to promote. A clergyman, from Cincinnati, was recently preaching in the vicinity of Boston. In illustrating his discourse he related the following incident : a young man belonging to Sherman's grand army was captured by the enemy near Atlanta in the summer of 1864. With other prisoners he was sent to North Carolina, and there confined in a stockade. The brook which ran through the enclosure, and supplied our men with water, before entering the stockade, received the refuse from the camps of thirty or forty thousand rebels in the vicinity, so that its waters were filthy in the extreme. The young soldier was a Christian, he believed in prayer, and calling his Christian comrades together he united with them in prayer for water ; and the next morning, when they awoke, their eyes were gladdened as they beheld a fountain of pure water gushing from the earth near them, where no water had been found before.

The prison, alluded to in this incident, must be the prison at Salisbury, as this was the only place in North Carolina where our men were confined at the time mentioned. The treatment to which our prisoners were subjected there was barbarous in the extreme. Indeed it was kindred to that which has made the prison pen at Andersonville infamous forever. Accordingly we find in the incident no exaggeration in this respect. The estimate, however, of the force stationed at Salisbury is wide of the truth ; and the suspicion which it excites is by no means removed by the statement which follows. Had such a miracle been wrought, as is claimed in this account, it would have made an ineffaceable impression on the mind of every man in the prison ; and we should now have hundreds of living witnesses of its truth. No such witnesses can be found ; and we do not hesitate, therefore, to pronounce the incident unfounded in fact, and wholly untrustworthy. Now, when, as in this instance, such a story is pressed into the service of religion, it produces an effect very different from that which is sought. A reflecting Christian, while he still holds the truth illustrated, will at once reject the illustration ; but any other, in rejecting the illustration, will be confronted with doubts respecting the truth itself.

We have been led to these remarks by the examination of the second book, the title of which we have quoted at the head of this

article. The "Nurse and Spy" purports to be "a record of events, which have transpired in the experience and under the observation of one who has been on the field, and participated in numerous battles—among which are the first and second Bull Run, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, the seven days in front of Richmond, Antietam and Fredericksburg—serving in the capacity of a Spy and as a Field nurse for over two years." From the record it appears that the author is a native of the Province of New Brunswick. With "an insatiable thirst for education," and a fixed purpose to serve as a "Foreign Missionary," she came a few years before the war to the United States. Early in the spring of 1861, she seems to have been in a "reverie," from which however she was aroused by a voice in the street crying, "New York Herald—Fall of Fort Sumter—President's Proclamation—Call for seventy-five thousand men." The foreign missionary enterprise was at once abandoned, and in ten days our heroine was on her way to Washington, "having been employed by the government" as a "Field Nurse."

With some western troops, she passed through Baltimore a few days after the attack on the 6th Mass. Vols. Here "mobs were gathered in the streets, and the utmost excitement prevailed; and as the crowded cars moved through the city toward the depot, the infuriated mob threw showers of stones, brickbats, and other missiles, breaking the windows and wounding some of the soldiers. Some of the men could not forbear firing into the crowd." p. 21. Now, what schoolboy does not know that after the passage of the 6th Mass. no troops passed through Baltimore for several weeks. The railroad bridges, north and west of the city, were destroyed. The whole State nearly was in the power of the rebels; and Gov. Hicks, in a communication to the President, protested against the passage of northern troops across any portion of its soil. Meanwhile Gen. Butler, with the 8th Mass. and 7th New York, had opened the Annapolis route; and Secretary Seward in reply, while expressing surprise at such a protest, assured Gov. Hicks that this highway (the Annapolis route) for our troops had been selected "upon consultation with prominent magistrates and citizens of Maryland, as the one which, while a route is absolutely necessary, is furthest removed from the populous cities of the State, and with the ex-

pectation that it would therefore be the least objectionable one." It was not till the 9th of June that the route through Baltimore was again opened. Baltimore was at that time garrisoned by our troops, and no such scene as that which is presented in the passage we have just quoted from the "Nurse and Spy" could then have occurred.

But we proceed with the narrative. On reaching Washington our heroine commenced her labors as a hospital nurse. After recording some of her experiences, while serving in this capacity, she opens chapter second thus: "Marching orders received to day — two days more, and the Army of the Potomac will be on its way to Bull Run. I find this registered in my journal July 15th, 1861, without any comment whatever." Comment, however, is necessary. It requires but a glance to see that these lines could not have been written July 15, 1861, as she would have us infer. The Army of the Potomac was not in existence at that time. We had then a "grand union army" we thought; but these words, the Army of the Potomac, now so familiar to us, had not then been framed. Besides, on the 15th of July, 1861, who had heard of Bull Run? That battle was not not fought until Sunday, July 21st. "On to Richmond" was the cry at that time.

Our heroine accompanied the army into Virginia. At the battle of Bull Run she seems to have performed distinguished service. Of course she gave her attention chiefly to our wounded. She found time, however, to render assistance to others. Filling her "canteens while the minnie balls fell thick and fast around us," she carried water to our troops who were "famishing with thirst." Then came the disastrous retreat. Yet like Mary's lamb, when rudely treated by a certain teacher, "still she lingered near" the battle field, and only escaped capture by her extraordinary presence of mind. It would be interesting to give her account in full, but space forbids.

She now returned to her labors in the hospitals in and around Washington. The next spring she accompanied McClellan's army to the Peninsula. While our troops lay before Yorktown, she was often sent out into the country in search of supplies for the hospital with which she was connected. "In some instances," we give her own words, "I met with narrow escapes

with my life, which were not quite so interesting ; and the timely appearance of my revolver often rescued me from the hands of the female rebels of the Peninsula." On one occasion, as she was leaving a house, where she had obtained some supplies for her hospital, the following incident occurred. We give her own graphic description.

"I had scarcely gone a rod when she [the woman from whom she had obtained her supplies] discharged a pistol at me ; by some intuitive movement I threw myself forward on my horse's neck and the ball passed over my head. I turned my horse in a twinkling, and grasped my revolver. She was in the act of firing the second time, but was so excited that the bullet went wide of its mark. I held my seven-shooter in my hand, considering where to aim. I did not wish to kill the wretch, but did intend to wound her. When she saw that two could play at this game, she dropped her pistol and threw up her hands imploringly. I took deliberate aim at one of her hands, and sent the ball through the palm of her left hand. She fell to the ground in an instant with a loud shriek. I dismounted and took the pistol which lay beside her, and placing it in my belt, proceeded to take care of her ladyship after the following manner : I unfastened the end of my halter-strap and tied it painfully tight around her right wrist, and remounting my horse, I started, and brought the lady to consciousness by dragging her by the wrist two or three rods along the ground."

In this incident there is no need to remind the reader of *Munchausen*.

Soon after, our heroine was employed by Gen. McClellan as a spy. She at once entered the rebel lines, disguised as a contraband, and returned with valuable information. Accompanying the army up the Peninsula, she again entered the enemy's lines, and again returned in safety. During the bloody engagements which were fought in front of Richmond, she acted as an orderly to Gen. K——, throwing herself into the thickest of the fight, but always emerging unharmed.

During Pope's campaign, she visited the rebel camps three times within a period of ten days. Of course she saw Kearney killed at "Chentilla : " as she spells it. She "was within a few rods of him when he fell."

At the battle of Antietam, she does not seem to have borne a prominent part. Late in October following, she accompanied

the army in its march from the vicinity of Harper's Ferry to Fredericksburg. On this march our heroine joined a body of our cavalry, who were in search of some guerrillas. They had not proceeded far when they were surprised and fired upon by the very men whom they were seeking.

"Two of our men were killed upon the spot, and my horse received three bullets. He reared and plunged before he fell, and in doing so the saddle girth was broken, and saddle and rider were thrown over his head. I was thrown on the ground violently which stunned me for a moment, and my horse now fell beside me, his blood pouring from three wounds. Making a desperate effort to rise, he groaned once, fell back, and throwing his neck across my body, he saturated me from head to foot with his blood. He died in a few minutes. I remained in that position, not daring to rise, for our party had fled and the rebels pursued them. A few minutes elapsed when the guerrillas returned, and the first thing I saw was one of the men thrusting his sabre into one of the dead men beside me. I was lying partially on my face, so I closed my eyes and passed for dead." p. 294.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, where our heroine figured as an aide-de-camp, she left the Army of the Potomac, and followed the 9th Corps to Kentucky, and afterwards to Vicksburg. But here her energies were soon exhausted. "All my soldierly qualities," she says, "seemed to have fled, and I was again a poor, cowardly, nervous, whining woman." Accordingly she returned north, and retired to private life and the delights of authorship.

Such is an outline of this record of "personal experience." But the great body of the book is made up of various incidents, which, if we may believe the publisher's notice, came under the observation of its writer. These incidents are of a very different order from those with which she illustrates her own life, and, in a measure, would redeem the character of the book were it not for the claim of personal knowledge respecting them. Those who have read Hackett's "Memorials of the War" will recognize, in the "Nurse and Spy," many incidents with which they are already familiar. They will find them in most instances unchanged either in word or form; and perhaps they will be not a little startled when they are told that these incidents occurred

under the personal observation of the Nurse and Spy. On pages 117—119 of the "Memorials of the War," an incident is recorded entitled "a singular Death." This is introduced into the "Nurse and Spy" p. 241, thus: "While at one of the hospitals in Alexandria, the head steward *told me* the following touching incident, which occurred in that hospital." On page 33 of the "Memorials," an incident is related of an officer of a Massachusetts regiment, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Antietam. This incident is found in the "Nurse and Spy" p. 270, with this introduction: "At the close of the battle *I stood* by the side of a dying officer of one of the Massachusetts regiments, who had passed through the thickest of the fight unhurt, but just at the close of the battle he was struck by a random shot which wounded him mortally." On page 104 of the "Memorials," an incident is recorded entitled, "Is that Mother?" This is also found in the "Nurse and Spy," p. 307, with this introduction: "But among all the dead and wounded, *I saw* none who touched my heart so much as one beautiful boy, severely wounded; he was scarcely more than a child, and certainly a very attractive one. Some one writes the following, after he was sent to a hospital."

And so we might go on, for we had noted twenty-three of these coincidences; but we have a more serious charge to make against the writer of the "Nurse and Spy." She has taken not only these incidents from the "Memorials of the War," without any acknowledgment whatever, except in a single instance, claiming at the same time that they occurred under her own personal observation, but she has also taken remarks of Dr. Hackett, and introduced them into her book as her own. Thus on page 20 of the "Memorials of the War," Dr. Hackett makes the following remark: "It is certain that men animated by such faith have the consciousness of serving God in serving their country, and that their presence in the army adds to it some of its most important elements of strength and success." In the "Nurse and Spy," p. 276, we find this remark. It is not quoted—it is given as a remark of the writer: "The presence of such men in the army, animated by faith in God, and conscious of serving Him in serving their country, adds materially to its elements of strength and success." Can any one doubt the source of this

remark? Again on pages 44—47 of the "Memorials of the War," an account is given of a model prayer meeting. "The scene," says Rev. William Barrows, the writer, "is near Stoneman's Station, and the time the evening of April 3d, 1863." We quote from the closing paragraph: "No one was called on to pray or speak, and no hymn was given out. No one said he had nothing to say, and then talked long enough to prove it. No one excused his inability to edify. No one waited to be called on; no time was lost by delay, and the entire meeting was less than an hour." Now in the "Nurse and Spy," we find an account of a prayer meeting held shortly after the first Bull Run battle, and nearly two years before the one just mentioned. In this account, pages 37, 38, we find the following sentence. It is not quoted. "No one was called upon to pray or speak, no one said he had nothing to say and then talked long enough to prove it, no one excused his inability to interest his brethren, and no time was lost by delay, but every one did his duty and did it promptly."

Other examples might be given, for in the "Nurse and Spy" are found at least forty pages of the "Memorials of the War." But we have already devoted more attention to this book than it deserves. We feel, however, that it is due to the public that this exposure should be made, inasmuch as the book has been widely distributed throughout New England. It comes to our homes under the guise of religion. It is dedicated to our "sick and wounded soldiers of the army of the Potomac." In its exaggerations and falsehoods, however, it honors neither.

ARTICLE III.

GEORGE FOX, HIS PRINCIPLES AND INFLUENCE.

It has been affirmed that it is impossible for any writer, unless he be a member of the Society of Friends, to understand the principles and spirit of George Fox. We shall venture, nevertheless, to discuss this remarkable man. We shall endeavor, in attempting this, to confine ourselves to his character

and principles and influence, rather than those of his Society as existing among us at the present time; for it may reasonably be presumed that his followers have modified some of their ancient doctrines with the progress of truth and light. It is not our object to discuss religious sects, at the present day, but those great men, who, in former times, founded schools and systems, and as these, again, affected the state of society, and the great interests of humanity, when they were established. Nor, in the discussion of Fox and his principles, shall we dwell much on outward manners and forms, for these are nothing in comparison with those ideas, which, whether true or false, have changed, and will continue to change the great social and moral institutions of society. Still less is it wise, or dignified, or courteous to dwell on the outward forms and habits of men and women with whom we ordinarily mingle, and to which they have an undoubted right, whether pleasing or disagreeable to us. What have we to do with the tastes and habits and fancies and peculiarities of our neighbors, provided they do not affect our interests or the general welfare of society. On what a low ground do we base the discussion of Quakerism, to praise or censure forms of dress, habits of social life, peculiarities of religious worship, or modes of salutation and speech. Nor is it proper to discuss even the religious differences and doctrines of the Society of Friends, in this connection, but only the principles and conduct of their founder, as one of the developments of the Reformation in a former age.

Concerning him, as a matter of history, we shall speak with freedom, for we have a right so to do, shall point out what was excellent and permanent in his system, and show what was false and dangerous. It is a matter of no proper concern to ourselves or to our readers whether the Society of Friends in this country fully endorse or disown his principles. The more enlightened and religious probably do agree with him in what they deem to be truth, and attach different meanings to what in his writings is questionable. We should slander the Society were we to affirm that the present members believe everything George Fox said and did was true and proper, for he was but a man, and they would not be man-worshippers. Moreover it is not to be expected that even the members

of the Society would agree among themselves as to the meaning of Fox's principles, in all their extent and application, for schism and disunion have entered into their ranks as well as into those of other sects.

These introductory remarks are necessary in the discussion of so delicate a subject as George Fox, in order to be understood, and to avoid giving needless offence. And if we fail in doing justice to him and his principles, it will be from want of capacity rather than inclination.

Men who justly extorted the admiration of their age, or who have transmitted to posterity great and important ideas should be honored in spite of their mistakes and defects, for they are our benefactors, they are the few who are immortal.

In this light the life of George Fox is interesting, since he was undoubtedly sincere and earnest in his Christian principles; since he desired the spiritual welfare of society; since, in his way, he sought to save the souls of men; since he believed in most of the great cardinal doctrines of religion, and since he was the first to propose some great truths which ultimately contributed to modify society and elevate mankind. The world is better probably for his having lived in it, although he advanced some unsound doctrines, and mingled with his sublime truths, errors exceedingly insidious and dangerous, and which, if carried out to their extreme logical sequence, are hard to be distinguished from the exploded fallacies of pagan sages. But these were excrescences, were defects on a system which has been productive of great blessings. Moreover Fox, though unlearned, was a great genius, and advanced new ideas, which, though they shocked the age, as new truths always do, still wrought great changes. Fox, in his leathern breeches, living in jails, or wandering among unlettered and rude people in obscure villages, will be, to all coming time, a much greater subject of interest to the philosophical historian than King Charles II., with all his palaces, mistresses and sycophants; not, perhaps, to people who love scandal and anecdote and dramatic painting, but to those who seek to trace the true progress of society; for the sovereign of England was a mere creature of pleasure, a gilded show, who sought ease and self-indulgence, while the itinerant preacher declared ideas which contributed to produce

future revolutions. Of the one can only be narrated what he ate and what he drank, and what he wore, how he sported and made inglorious dalliance with the frivolous and the idle, while, in delineating the other we must speak of the most exciting ideas which ever moved the minds of men, and which, when once declared, shall never perish. How much greater are ideas than men. How much more interesting are the principles of Fox, than his wanderings, persecutions and miseries.

There is nothing especially worthy of our attention in his life until his religious experience commenced. He was born in those tumultuous times which produced a Cromwell, but it was during the inglorious reign of Charles II., that he appeared upon the stage.

Nor did he start with the notion of being a reformer, or the founder of a great school. No more did Luther or any of the great lights of our world. His peculiar doctrines grew out of his religious experience, and as these were a life to him, he declared them with zeal and fidelity, and the discussion of them produced agitation, persecution, martyrdom and religious triumph. It was these which drew together a peculiar class of thinkers, and bound them together in a single cause, and affected future generations.

It is interesting to see how the great question of all time, what will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul, has been the chief cause of the revolutions and changes in the religious history of society. It has produced the Basils, the Jeromes, the Bernards, and the Luthers of the world. It induced men, in primitive ages, to retreat to deserts and solitudes, and thus gave birth to monastic life. It led St. Francis to institute a new order of monks. It led Luther to study diligently the Bible, and then to seek justification through faith in Christ alone, and then to declare the greatness of the doctrine to bewildered millions, and then to denounce those Roman priests, as well as the arts by which they kept the ignorant in bondage, and then to establish his position by an appeal to Scripture, and then to declare the duty of all to study those eternal oracles, and then the right of private judgment, and other principles which shook Europe to its centre, and which were the parent of future revolutions, and the origin of doctrines of unlimited application.

In like manner it was the religious experience of Fox which, taking another direction, gave birth to a system which has lasted to our own times, and modified the general opinions of society on several most important points.

George Fox, when quite young, was distracted with religious ideas. He was moral, obedient, and amiable from his boyhood. But mere outward morality did not satisfy his anxious and inquiring mind. He was burdened with doubts and perplexities. He was tempted by the snares and suggestions of the spiritual enemy. He broke off from all intercourse with the world, and with his friends. He courted solitude and meditation. But solitude did not relieve his mind, nor did celestial beings come to comfort him. He sought the oracles of wisdom in the great metropolis, but all London seemed enveloped in darkness and wickedness. He returned to his friends, and they advised him to get married. He asked direction from a clergyman of great repute, who recommended him to sing psalms and use tobacco. He consulted another, and he advised physic and bleeding. None understood his malady, none could minister to a mind diseased, which led him to set a light value on men educated in universities, since they could not give him the consolation he required. At last, when all hopes in man had fled, he heard what he supposed a heavenly voice speaking to his soul: "Only Christ can administer to thy condition."

A new light dawned upon his distracted mind, his heart leaped for joy. He obtained hope and consolation. It was not man, or his reason, or even the ordinary reading of the Scriptures which had enlightened him, had removed the burden from his soul. It was, as he supposed, a special revelation from God himself. It was the voice of the Spirit. It was the inner light, revealing new and glorious mysteries.

We will not, as yet, dwell on this first, cardinal principle of Quakerism, the recognition of a direct spiritual influence from God Almighty on the human soul, so powerful and so clear that it could not be mistaken, and all sufficient to guide a man in the perplexities of life, revealing to him the loftiest spiritual truths. This will be discussed when we shall show what is transient and what is permanent in the system of Fox. At

present we simply wish to unfold his views as they gradually dawned upon his mind.

Being persuaded that he was specially enlightened by the Spirit of God, even as the prophets and apostles were, he now felt called upon to declare to others that spiritual liberty which he enjoyed, and exhort them to the practice of virtue, and explain to them the mysteries of revelation. He maintained that by faithful obedience to the inward teaching of the Holy Spirit, men would not only acquire a clear understanding of the Scriptures, but could attain perfection. Believing in the certain guidance of the Holy Spirit, and that it would lead all men, if sought, into the way of truth, he began to doubt the necessity or expediency of the institution of the ordinary ministers of religion. Not the clergy were to teach men, but the Spirit alone, and he therefore felt commissioned to bring people away from the forms and ceremonies of the established church, which he regarded as unnecessary, and a perversion of spiritual Christianity. He made the worship of God to consist in a patient and humble waiting in silence for the guidance of the Spirit, and looked upon the ordinary observances as so many forms by which God was mocked and dishonored. The inner light had revealed to him, as he supposed, the absurdity and folly of the external economy of the church, which he entirely swept away, the ordination of the clergy, baptism, the Lord's Supper, the regular service, even churches, the music of the choir, all emblematical ceremonies, and the peculiar dresses of the officiating clergy. He would institute a purely spiritual church, and make religion entirely a matter between the soul and its Maker.

He then found that the Lord forbade him to put off his hat to any man, high or low; that he was required to say thou and thee to every man and woman without distinction, and not to bid people good morrow or good evening, nor to bow and do reverence to people in authority, as was the custom of the times. He looked upon all these things as marks of honor which man ought not to bestow on his fellow-man, but only upon God.

But that which most wounded the mind of Fox, was what seemed to him the earthly spirit of the clergy in accepting tithes

and offerings for their preaching. It seemed to him that they sold the word of God, which should be free to all the world. Nor did he like the sound of the church bell. It rung in his ears like the bell of the market calling the people together for the selling of wares. So he abolished what he called a hireling priesthood, and bells on the churches which he called steeple-houses, and insisted that no man ought to receive an earthly recompense for preaching the word, or be summoned to worship the Almighty by the sound of a bell. He also objected to oaths in a court of law as anti-christian, in direct opposition to the commands of our Saviour. The literal injunctions of the Scriptures were never to be slighted, and, in obeying them no principles of expediency should divert him from his course. He was to obey God indifferent to all consequences.

If the first great principle of Quakerism was the spirit of God, specially acting on the mind as the only interpreter of truth and the only guide to duty, rather than the light of reason or the voice of authority, the second great principle was the literal interpretation of the Scriptures, in spite of all the commentators of the world, and all the aids of human learning and the traditions of the early church. This Fox strenuously declared, and it led him not merely to reject the ordinary oaths administered in courts of law, but to refuse to enlist as a soldier in the army, not because many of the primitive Christians refused to do so, but because the Bible told him not to kill. Hence he regarded war as not merely an evil, but a crime in all conceivable circumstances, an evil *per se*, and he would not fight to gain or retain any worldly blessing, not even liberty, or the sanctity of the family circle, or honor, or life itself. He would die even rather than kill the assassin who threatened the life of his wife or children, or who would take away the dearest interests of society. He would dispense with armies, and fire-arms, and strife of war. He would coerce nothing, if coercion required the life of man. No circumstances could induce him to take life, even of the convicted culprit. He would abolish all capital punishments. And if he could not confine the murderer or the robber in a prison without killing him, if he made resistance, he would, if true to his principles, let him go at large, and strive to remedy the evil by moral suasion

alone. Hence he was led to magnify the force of love. He believed it was the only omnipotent principle of society, that it reigned in heaven and ought to reign on earth. By moral suasion the world was to be converted and saved. It was of more power than armies, even in subduing murderers and ruffians and robbers. He was led to adopt absolute non-resistance. His principles of literal interpretation pushed him there, and he was not ashamed of the doctrine, for it seemed in harmony with the spirit of the Gospel and the great fundamental law of love, which requires us to forgive our enemies, and to return good for evil. Even Christ himself seemed to have set the example by yielding up his life as a martyr, when he could have commanded legions of angels.

This law of love became the third great principle of his ethical creed, and he was willing to give it the most indefinite application. He would interfere with no man's rights. He would allow all the spiritual freedom which he enjoyed. He would punish no one for heresy. He would abolish all penal laws for religious opinions not in accordance with the established church. He would divide his substance with the poor. He would knock off the fetters of the slave. He would inculcate a universal philanthropy. There was to be no limitation to the objects of charity, forbearance and love.

And as the Scriptures were to be literally obeyed, since God had revealed them by his Spirit to favored men of old, and since they could not be in opposition to what his Spirit taught in all ages, he would comply with their plain directions without regard to consequences. The laws of expediency were his peculiar abomination. They were, as he thought, the invention of Satan, of Antichrist. He based his ethics on the immutable principles of morality. He acknowledged no distinction between the laws which should regulate individuals and communities. He would do right though the world should perish. Nor would he entangle an obvious duty by sophistries and paradoxes, and ingenious theories, and artful supposition. Only one course was open to him, and to all mankind: to do right, because it was right, because God commanded it, leaving results to him. Honesty was the best policy, but he would welcome it, not because it was politic, but because it was his duty. "He would

obey the imperative dictates of truth," says one of the expositors of his creed, "even though the fires of hell were quenched."

From this principle, of obeying God rather than man, from striving to conform to a perfect law, from attempting to realize in his own life the ideal of a spotless perfection, even as Christ set him an example, and inculcated it as a duty, all his other doctrines received additional confirmation. Show him that absolute non-resistance would probably introduce anarchy, and consign the world to the government of the unprincipled and the base; he would reply that he was not responsible for the evils of society, that the great moral Governor could take care of his own people, and even if all the evils predicted from his course were to take place, these should not interfere with the practice of abstract and eternal duties, that God's absolute commands were not to be set aside for any accumulation of outward evils. But he nevertheless professed to have faith in the power of ideas and truth, although he could not see the manner of their triumph. Hence a lofty faith in God, as the author of truth, was kindled in his soul, which imparted to his character all the elements of a splendid and beautiful enthusiasm. He would be serene in persecution, in tribulation, in obloquy, in death, for God was his friend, and he was an omnipotent preserver. He would work, in accordance with truth, whether he saw results or not. He had nothing to do with them. They would, at some place, or at some time or other, follow necessarily from the seed he had sown, even as industry would produce thrift, in accordance with the uniform operation of immutable laws. It was not man, but the Spirit and truth of God which were to save the world; but whether saved or not, he had done his duty, which itself was a reward. It was not to win heaven merely, it was not to get influence and reputation and honor that he did his duty, but to conform to eternal and immutable principles. Great therefore were the majesty, and beauty, and glory of truth. It was its sublime perfection and reality which transported his soul. To conform to it was the end and highest object of his life, for its own sake, that he might be in harmony with the universe of God and his sublime perfections.

Doctrines so strange, so ethereal, so pure, so elevated were not understood by a wrangling generation contending for forms

and ceremonies, immersed in war, devoted to pleasure, struggling to secure the ascendancy of sects, or to extort from selfish kings and priests the blessing of liberty, and those advantages which lead to wealth and political importance. The doctrines were too purely spiritual to be relished. And they seemed to subvert the long-established customs and institutions of society. They seemed to make a mockery of dignities, and laws, and magistrates, and clergymen, of all the ordinances of the church, of all the precedents of former ages, of all the blessings which men had gained by protracted struggles. They seemed to subvert civilization, to depreciate learning and art, to clog the wheels of government, and undermine respect for the authority which God had established to rule nations and kingdoms. And when these high claims to special divine illumination, to greater Christian perfection, to profounder insight into the oracles of God, and to truer rules of life and duty, were advanced by a man who had never received a liberal education, who was supposed to be illiterate and fanatical, who had arisen from the plebeian class, who had spent his days as an unsuccessful shoemaker and a retired ship hand, absorbed in vain dreams and visions, they seemed absurd, ridiculous, pretentious. At first men were amazed or contemptuous, then they became irritated and enraged. And irritation and contempt were increased when the doctrines of Fox appeared, revolutionizing and threatening to subvert their most cherished principles, for he seemed the very incarnation of a radical, agrarian, destructive spirit. And when Fox and his followers made no compromise, did not seek to conciliate, but commenced a course of unmitigated denunciation, although it was after the fashion of the age, calling the clergy all sorts of names, hirelings, dumb-dogs, the priests of Baal, and their venerable churches steeple-houses of pride, and places of merchandize; refusing to honor the magistrates and dignitaries of the land by taking off their hats, or rendering them their customary titles; refusing even the oaths of supremacy to the sovereign of the realm, rebuking with rude familiarity the sins of the great, and even entering the churches at the time of worship and interrupting the officiating minister, thus showing no respect for any tribunal or dignitary or venerated custom, or established law; can we wonder they were prosecuted and im-

prisoned? No class of Christians understood them, neither the Episcopalians, nor the Presbyterians, nor the Independents; no ruler, no judge, no clergyman comprehended them; neither Cromwell, nor Sir Matthew Hale, nor Sir Harry Vane, nor any of the lights of that intensely active age. They only seemed to be the enemies of all sects, of all creeds, of all forms, of all institutions, a most conceited set of men, unpractical, visionary, almost madmen, claiming to be alone right, while all the rest of the world was wrong.

So seemed Fox to the men of his generation, especially the wealthy, the learned and the great. But not so to all the people of his age. It is impossible that any genius, sincere and earnest, should not find followers and friends. It is even impossible for a man to declare absurdity with enthusiasm and audacity and not find apologists, as illustrated by the whole history of error, especially if some great elements of truth are blended with plausible sophistries. And the first disciples will be generally from among the people, who have no pride of reason or of position to sustain, whether truth or error is preached. The history of Fox is an illustration of this fact. The common people, having strong religious wants, and equally strong disgust of what seemed imposture and selfishness, heard him gladly. To them, whenever he had a hearing from them at all, he seemed like an ancient prophet. When they listened to his eloquence, they too felt the fire within. His frame of prayer appeared the most fervent and reverent ever known. His harangue had all the force of inspiration. He seemed possessed of superhuman wisdom. There was no resisting his popular declamation. It had truth enough in it to challenge controversy, while the errors mingled with the truth were so subtle and refined as to baffle their powers of analysis. They could not unravel his sophistries, they were warmed by the ardor of his zeal. They were flattered by his recognition of their discernment, and stimulated by his appeals to their conscience. They fancied that the Spirit had also enlightened them as to the meaning of the profoundest truths. Glorifying in supreme intellectual independence, they could break all the fetters of authority. No hireling priest, no ambitious ruler, no worldly sage should hereafter control their minds. God had

emancipated them from all forms of worldly bondage, and they would be bound by no restraints, except what he himself imposed. But all the converts of Fox were not among the poorer classes. Some men of considerable social position joined his ranks, men who were captivated by novelties, as well as those who loved to contemplate abstract truths, and men who had great logical power as well as intellectual boldness. Among them were James Naylor, William Dewsbury, Francis Howgill, John Audland and Samuel Fisher, who became celebrated preachers. Judge Tell attended their meetings and gave them a shelter. The wife of Justice Benson was so moved that she protested she would eat no meat but what she should eat with George Fox at the bars of the dungeon window. But the most eminent of the converts to the principles of Fox were Robert Barclay and William Penn. The former was descended from one of the oldest and most respectable families in Scotland, received all the advantage of the most finished education, and early distinguished himself for great attainments. He became one of the most zealous and able defenders that Quakerism ever had; and was the author of that famous apology, which is still a text-book among the members of the Society. William Penn was still more distinguished for truth and social position, the son of Admiral Sir William Penn who had rendered great services to his country, and whose ample possessions descended to the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania. But no rank or condition could screen the Quakers from persecution, and the illustrious and ignoble equally shared disgrace and suffering. They were imprisoned in the foulest jails, they were whipped in the pillory, they were fined, mutilated and executed. Twice George Fox narrowly escaped death. If Cromwell or Charles released him from prison, he was again immured in a filthy and noisome dungeon. When discharged by the judge on account of the illegality of the warrant, he was again indicted. His sufferings were often most intense. He was kept in winter without fire, annoyed by smoke, and exposed to the inclemency of the weather as well as to the filth of prisons. His whole life was a protracted martyrdom. And so of others belonging to his sect, four thousand Quakers died in prison among his own contemporaries. There was no shelter to which

they could fly for protection. The most upright judges in that age showed them no mercy. The most enlightened of juries of that age regarded them as unfit to live. If they sought the wilderness of America they were not safe. If they penetrated even to the most secure retreats where our New England ancestors professed the principles of unbounded toleration, they were still imprisoned, or banished to yet more lonely wilds; so few there were who could appreciate their doctrines, even among persecuted sectarians; so slow is man to practice a toleration which, in the abstract, he commends. But all the sufferings and persecution to which the Quakers were subjected were borne in patience. No class of persecuted men ever exhibited, under suffering, more rare and exalted magnanimity. They would pray for their tormentors even when led to execution; they would seek to convert them while confined in dungeons; they would declare the plainest truths to them even when seated on the judgment seat of power. Nothing could break their spirit. Nothing could seduce them into resistance or rebellion. They made no combinations to extort their rights. They would take no part with others who fomented treason. Like lambs they were led to the slaughter. Like the first martyrs to the Christian faith, they were serene when heart and flesh do ordinarily fail. They indulged no imprecations on their enemies. They manifested hardly bitterness or animosity. They were indignant, but faithful to their principles of love and non-resistance. Nothing but the most exalted virtues and the most soaring faith could have sustained them in such a general storm of obloquy, hatred and persecution. Nothing could be brought against them but tenacity in adhering to opinions which the world condemned as false, or bold denunciation against those whom they considered to be wicked or tyrannical. For they never ceased to condemn iniquity and sin wherever they beheld it, or to remind the thoughtless and impure of the judgments of the world to come. Never were there more faithful preachers of righteousness, or more stern rebukers of an ungodly world. Never were men more loyal to their consciences, or more consistent followers of the truths which they professed. They seemed to have at heart the spiritual interests of mankind. They were indifferent to wealth and honor. They

labored most assiduously in whatever duty dictated, unmindful of reproach, and deaf to the expostulation of their worldly friends. They put to shame all other parties and schools of piety by the disinterestedness of their labors, and their fidelity to the end to all those great ideas which alone, in their opinion, were to regenerate the world. They sought a heavenly and not an earthly crown, and were animated, even in the hour of martyrdom, by the most glorious hopes. Even Oliver Cromwell, whom they rebuked, and who never liked them, was forced to say, "Now I see there is a people arisen, that I can not win with gifts, honors, offices, or places, but all other sects and people I can." They would not eat his bread nor drink his wine. Nor did they refrain from giving him, even when in the possession of unbounded power, the plainest and most unpalatable rebukes, couched in no courtier language, but in that of simplicity and severity.

In all their ordinary actions and conversations they seemed to be animated by high religious considerations. Their system also recognized some great and important truths which had been before overlooked; and yet, with these we are constrained to mention what we consider to be some radical errors, which, if generally embraced, would do great evil in society.

In alluding to the system of Fox and his followers, we are aware that we tread on a ground so delicate as almost to be forbidden. But as we shall strive to do this with no partizan or combative spirit, simply to unfold the agitating opinions of a great intellect of a former age, we hope we shall have the indulgence even of any who may not accept our conclusions.

George Fox was doubtless one of the boldest thinkers of his age or nation, and attempted to carry out his reforms to the full extent which his abstract principles would admit, wishing to unite theory with practice, and produce that perfection in human life which we fear will never be attained; making but little allowance for human infirmity, yielding nothing to the long-settled institutions of society, taking no cognizance of the laws of expediency and discarding everything which the inward Light did not reveal, or which was not supported by the literal word of God, or the principles of abstract truth.

The central principle of his system has much in it that is

beautiful, original and plausible, even the authority of the "Inner Light," only it bears rather too close a resemblance to the mystic and transubstantial doctrines of the Pythagoreans, and other ancient sects, to claim so Christian an origin as is manifested by those who have embraced it. Fox was a rebel against every form of worldly authority, and had no respect for any accumulation of human experiences, when not in accordance with his views of truth. He was disgusted with all his teachers, and despised venerated names. He fancied they could teach him nothing. They only blinded his mind. He had nothing to learn from man, and very little from any human exposition of divine truth. He earnestly sought his soul's salvation, but the first dawn of light did not break in upon his mind from the perusal of the sacred writings, as was the case with Luther, but from a revelation which he supposed to come to his soul direct from God; not opposed to any declaration in the Scriptures, but higher than that declaration, inasmuch as the fountain is greater than the stream which issues from it, "for," says Barclay, the great expounder of the creed of Fox, "these divine inward revelations, though they may not contradict the outward testimony of the Scriptures, or right and sound reason, yet are not to be subjected to the test, either of the outward testimony of the Scriptures, or of the natural reason of man, for this divine revelation and inward illumination is that which is evident and clear of itself, and forces the assent of the well disposed understanding." And again, in reference to the Scriptures; "because they are only a declaration of the fountain, and not the fountain itself, therefore they are not to be esteemed the principal ground of all truth, nor yet the adequate primary rule of faith and manners. They are only a secondary rule, subordinate to the Spirit, from which they have all their excellence and certainty." Thus it was that Fox and his followers made the authority of the Scriptures subordinate to the teachings of the Spirit; opening a door for delusion and infatuation and spiritual arrogance; for—such is the infirmity of human nature—it is not difficult to believe that many things are the promptings of the divine, when in reality they are or may be, the suggestions of an evil spirit. We grant that Fox and the early members of his Society had such a pro-

found reverence for the Scriptures that they were not inclined to question their literal commands. But, if that principle be maintained, persons not so piously inclined will dare to do so. Has it never been said that certain declarations in the Scriptures, which seem to controvert favorite doctrines, originated in Jewish prejudices, and not in the spirit of love? Was not the idea of a special divine illumination the great delusion of St. Francis, when he felt prompted to outrage the opinions and laws of his age by numberless extravagances which we have not time to mention. Was not this notion one of the principles of Mohammed? Did it not characterize Ignatius Loyola in his Mauresan cave? Did it not animate the Anabaptists of Germany, and array them against Luther and his doctrines? Has it not led the Mormons of our own times into great extravagances? The doctrine of special divine illumination by the Spirit of God, thereby teaching truths which could be taught independently of the Bible, is the central principle of many of those systems of religion which even Friends regard as essentially pagan and anti-christian. We do not say that the Friends ever perverted it to any dangerous extent, or vindicated it in its broadest meaning. Their common sense and their reverence for the Scriptures may have kept them from the errors which this notion has certainly, and often produced in less Christian minds, and which it will always lead to among vain and unsanctified people, if practically carried out. We have seen most excellent men and women, not belonging to the Friends, running into absurd and dangerous practices and opinions, and not pretending to support them by scriptural authorities, yet warmly defending them on the ground of a special revelation. This should not be confounded with the ordinary influences of the Divine Spirit, in which all evangelical Christians believe. It is something more — a peculiar illumination from God, which places its subjects on nearly the same footing with inspired sages of old. And if it does not mean this, it means something still more revolting to a truly enlightened Christian — even a sort of Pagan spiritualism, such as George Bancroft has attributed to Plato and Pythagoras. Indeed, this historian has either greatly misunderstood the principles of Fox, or aimed to make them attractive to a certain party among the

Friends who do sympathize with the rationalistic and transcendental doctrines of a school in and around Boston, which is more Grecian than Christian. But Fox was no more a Platonic philosopher than he was a Lutheran or a Calvinist, and Mr. Bancroft has rendered no service to truth or the Society of Friends by painting Fox as a transcendental Pagan, interesting as such a kind of Pagan may be to those who deny the personality of God and of the Devil. But if Fox was not a transcendental philosopher in the Pythagorean sense, still his favorite doctrine was so much in harmony with either the indefinite and soaring mysticism of the ancient sages, or with the arrogant pretension to special illumination which marked the deluded saints of the Middle ages, that he has exposed himself and his system to severe criticism. And just so far as he really did incline to either the sages of ancient Greece, or the saints of a darkened age in this respect, his doctrine was erroneous and dangerous. If he only meant by the inner light the ordinary influences of God's Spirit, which, of course, are supernatural, then his doctrine has no originality, and his Society has, in its foundation, no grand peculiarity. So far as the Friends make a point about forms, and dress, and social life, they are not widely different from the early Methodists and various other religious people who wish to avoid worldly influences. These are nothing. It is the ideas of Fox which give him all his importance. And if his ideas pertaining to God's Spirit, when refined away, are like those of the Orthodox, why then he does not claim our notice. But they are not the same. There is something peculiar about them. Fox did claim a special divine illumination, and his followers attach a meaning to the inner light which Luther, and Calvin, and Cranmer, and Knox did not — even that which would kindle the soul into rapture, and reveal truth, if the Bible had not been written — for what is the Bible but the Word of God supernaturally communicated to ancient saints, and which, to be spiritually discerned, needs, according to Fox, special divine influences. And this appears upon every page of his diary. It was the Spirit, and not the Scriptures, which urged him to attack what he called steeple-houses, and the dresses of the clergy, and the external economy of the church. Whenever he spoke his words were substantial-

ly, as Maurice has interpreted them : " Brother, there is a light within thee, resist it and thou art miserable, follow it and thou art happy. Nor did he say, " this light is mine alone," but " it is as much yours as mine. Nor will it mislead you. It will guide you in all the temptations of life. It is the voice of God within you, even as the ancient poet saith :

'Est Deus in nobis :
Agitante calescimus illo.' "

That Fox was sincere as well as truly religious and conscientious can not be denied. Nor did he dream that the Spirit of his favorite doctrine had been, in ancient times, in no small degree, cherished by those with whom he had no communion. So rare is real originality. So often do unlettered men of genius fancy they are propounding something entirely new, because it is new to them. In reality there is very little which is new under the sun. When unlearned but intellectual men advance something which they fancy new, it will generally be found to be some exploded error which the great enemy of man has suggested in a modified form, or some old truth which has never ceased to be recognized.

After all, Fox is most remarkable for carrying out his principles more radically than other reformers of his age, and, while so doing, overlooking some important duties which his one-sided turn of mind prevented him from appreciating. He was utterly unable to see wisdom or truth in many things which were, in his day, not only regarded as important, but which also in our own are so considered by the most enlightened men, and men as conscientious and clear-headed as he. Attaching undue value to an inward guide, as the revealer of all truth, he supposed that the institution of the clergy, as a distinct order, was needless. Moreover as Christ came to establish a spiritual dispensation, therefore outward observances, like fasts and festivals, and Baptism, and the Eucharist, and a ministry appointed by the imposition of hands, should be dispensed with. He turned with disgust from creeds and confessions of faith, even the simplest, and such as were undoubtedly instituted in primitive times, because they direct our thoughts to the outward acts and events of Christ upon earth, rather than to his presence in our hearts.

Such views, whether true or false, plainly were not those of the early Reformers, nor of the primitive Christians, any more than of the great body of the evangelical church in this age. Nor were they in harmony with the genius of Protestantism, since that is a supreme reliance on the Word of God, in his written testimony, as the highest and only infallible guide, both in faith and practice.

It is equally obvious that Fox and his disciples claimed to possess greater spirituality than any other of the existing sects of their day; and so to be peculiarly the spiritual church of Christ upon earth. The fundamental idea of their system is, that they are brought directly under a divine influence and government, to be witnesses against the world. Says Maurice :

“ They were therefore to keep themselves entirely from the habits of the world, from its varying fashions, from its amusements, and even, in some cases, from its phraseology; and all who are not walking in the divine light are of the world. But as no parents, however religious, can always expect their children to be animated by their spirit, the evil arose of people who were not of the light, being separated from the surrounding world by external peculiarities, while their hearts inclined them to mingle in vanities which their religious parents detested, and thus exposed the Society constantly to violate the very distinctions for which its presence was meant to be the abiding testimony.”

There were also some peculiarities which gave the Society the appearance of exclusiveness, for it was separate from the world not only in manners, habits, dress and intercourse, but even intermarriage with other sects was prohibited, not merely for those who were truly religious, but for those who were worldly-minded, thus perpetuating a form when the spirit had departed. And, for some time after Fox had declared his message, education was spurned if it was offered from those without their ranks. Sooner than accept religious instruction from ministers out of their own body, the Society would deprive their members of any religious instruction at all. And as Fox did not place a very high value on any other than common education, instruction in the classics and the higher departments of science was generally neglected. As he did not believe in a learned clergy, or in lawyers, or classical literature, or the fine arts, education was chiefly confined to the more practical and

ordinary pursuits of life. We believe no class of men have ever been more generally instructed in the common branches of useful knowledge than the Society of Friends, and no body of wealthy and substantial people, at the same time, can boast of so small a proportion of eminent masters in elegant and classic literature. Their common schools were excellent, but colleges until lately have been rare, and have not been deemed desirable, as estranging the mind from high spiritual interests.

Another apparent inconsistency has appeared in reference to the support of free and liberal governments. It can not be denied that the Friends have ever been among the best supporters of law and order. They have ever practically believed in the majesty of law as opposed to a wild, agrarian democratic license. They have rendered tribute to whom tribute is due, honoring magistrates as servants of a higher power, and never entering into schemes of revolutionary excess. And yet George Fox was opposed to those very agencies by which law and order are secured and guaranteed, even to the sword of the magistrate, to armies, and physical force, and still more to those influences which kindle and support patriotic ardor and enthusiasm among rude people, such as warlike poetry, martial music, and honor to successful generals. Is it too much to say that Fox and his followers, while they have gloried in spiritual liberty, have overlooked the benefits conferred by former heroes upon the cause of freedom, have not been sufficiently grateful for their struggles, toils and martyrdom, without which a gloomy inspiration and an iron despotism would have been perpetuated? Who, more than the followers of Fox, glory in the breaking up of feudal bondage, in the revolt from Rome, in those great social privileges which were bestowed by the mighty agitations of the 16th century? But who delivered Europe from the fetters of proud and oppressive nobles? Who broke forever the despotism of absolute kings? Who disenthralled the mind from the delusion of Rome? Who advanced the great cause of civilization more than those men who yielded up their lives on the bloody battle-fields which were the natural consequence of the agitation of great ideas? Shall we honor Luther and Calvin, and yet derogate from the fame of those who practically prevented their principles from being trodden in the dust, or shut up in dungeons and inquisitorial chambers?

We owe debts of gratitude to past generations who struggled for us, which we can never pay. We should not glory in their bequests, if we are not prepared to honor those struggles by which they were obtained. The past is full of impressive morals to us. It is full of rebukes of our sloth, or thoughtlessness, or selfishness. Nor is it for us to say that the great blessings which heroic strife has bequeathed to us would have been conferred in some other way. This we do not know. We must receive our most valued privileges at the hands of those whom God has sent to us. And if we would continue to enjoy such boons as liberty and general education and material benefit and popular rights, we should be careful not to condemn the only means by which such blessings, in the course of divine Providence, thus far have been conferred; nor should we weaken those influences by which the great mass of the people, in all ages and countries, in their weakness and degeneracy, have been most powerfully affected and stimulated to heroic struggles. What would have been the present condition of Protestant countries had not men defended their rights by the sword? Where would have been the progress of which we boast had all classes in former times, folded their arms, and submitted to injustice and ignominy? Let us repudiate the privileges for which former generations bled, or honor those by whose sacrifice they were bought.

Again Fox instituted his Society to be the witness of what is spiritual and universal against what is earthly and national. This itself was meant to be a peace society, and a Bible society, and an anti-slavery society. The idea of unity with the world for the sake of promoting spiritual objects was never contemplated by Fox or Penn or Barclay. Hence the Society, when consistent with its genius, was opposed to worldly organizations to do good, and hence to those enterprises which we, in this age, call philanthropic. But here is a contradiction, apparently, between theory and practice, for, we rejoice to say that the good sense and benevolent sympathies of the Friends have prevented their isolation from those who would bear the great burdens of society. No class of men have shown greater readiness of sympathies, or more generous desires to ameliorate the evils of life. They are emphatically the philanthropists of the age.

They were the first to advocate the suppression of the slave trade. They have ever given their assistance to the abolition of all grievous evils. They have been the pioneers and panegyrists of progress, and popular freedom. They have been believers in the power of truth, and the majesty of ideas in the world's conversion, even as propagated by ordinary societies.

But we do not wish to dwell on any inconsistency between the principles and practice of the Friends, especially when we think that this very inconsistency is the purest type of intellectual improvement, and of a departure from that exclusiveness which attracted notice in the reign of Charles II. Still less would we dwell on any degeneracy of which they have been accused — of devotion to thrift, and physical comfort, and money making, which we can not believe ever entered into the mind of Fox, and which show as completely the worldly spirit, as the adoption of worldly institutions. For if spirituality is to consist in not being baptized, and not keeping an outward fast, and not offering up outward prayer, and not rendering titles of outward respect, and not having an outwardly ordained ministry, when the mind is absorbed in visions of California mines, and improvements in cotton spindles, and refinements in articles of domestic comfort; then, they certainly do not resemble the man who wandered about the villages of Yorkshire exhorting the people to repentance, with all the fervor of the ascetic Baptist when he preached in the wilderness of Judea. But inconsistency is the fate of all bodies of men. Degeneracy is the misfortune of all human institutions. In spite of inconsistency and degeneracy, yea, notwithstanding the errors and mistakes into which the Friends have fallen, or at least the departure from some of the noblest principles of Protestantism, as declared by the reformer of the 17th century, they have ever manifested some distinguishing virtues and have moreover declared some great truths, of which other bodies of Christians may be proud, and which have always secured the respect of mankind.

George Fox and his disciples have been ever distinguished for meekness and patience under injuries; they have never retaliated the wrongs done to them, nor inflicted any other injury than denouncing evil wherever evil was to be found, with plain-

ness and without regard to persons. They would rebuke ruler as well as people, even the sovereign himself. They may have been severe, but they have ever been incorruptible. And they have been an industrious body, seeking independence as the greatest worldly good, frugal in their habits and unostentatious in their lives; temperate, chaste and honest. If they have loved money, they have been conscientious in the means of its accumulation; just, if not generous; performing all their engagements both as to the spirit and the letter of the law; hating fraud and dissimulation, and seeking in virtue itself a reward, not the praises of men. They have been peaceable and quiet citizens, taking no interest in the contentions of opposing factions, and performing their ordinary duties in an unobtrusive and inoffensive manner. They may have been too cautious, too non-committal, too calculating and too prudent, for, if all were to act on those principles, society could never be elevated. Here they differed from the Puritans, and in this respect have appeared at a disadvantage. The Puritans were willing to sacrifice their own interests to promote a great public good — to enlist in the defence of liberty and religion, or in relieving the great burdens with which the unfortunate have been oppressed. The Puritans therefore were men truly magnanimous and disinterested, and bestowed greater blessings on society, and lived more for society than the Friends, whose chief concern was to take care of their own souls, never to violate their moral obligations in doing so, and yet to leave the protection of truth to the God of truth. Their virtues therefore were more negative than would suit the impulsive and self-forgotten. They relied on the power of a good example, rather than active labor to influence other minds, out of their Society, who were responsible to God and their own consciences rather than to them. It is something, however, to show forth the light of a good example amid general corruption and baseness. To keep unspotted from the world is one of the elements of religion as much as to visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction. Hence the Friends, by their peculiar virtues, will ever escape censure and call forth our respect, although they do not realize our ideal of life, or kindle popular enthusiasm. They appear as kind-

hearted and well-intentioned people rather than as striking benefactors of mankind.

And still they were benefactors, if not by the quiet virtues which they practiced, at least by some of the great ideas which they defended, and more or less promulgated.

Among these may be mentioned the steady and consistent advocacy of the principles of peace. We do not believe, indeed, in their doctrine of absolute non-resistance, although it may seem to have so many reasons to support it from the maxims of our Saviour, and from his example in his last hour of martyrdom. We do not see how non-resistance, in any conceivable form and circumstances, can be harmonized with the duty of protection and the necessary functions of human government, which are to restrain the violence of the wicked, and punish offenders against the laws. The Scriptures everywhere bear witness of the unprincipled depravity of man which needs to be restrained; and all the experience of the human race, as well as natural instinct, goes to show that men will grasp, by any means, all the power they can, and consign the helpless and the unfortunate, unless they protect themselves, to slavery and degradation. Sad would be the condition of the world, and slow the progress of society, if men were to offer no opposing force to the violence of madness and the selfishness of tyrants. And it has generally been shown, that when men have yielded most readily to the encroachments of the base and the ambitious, they have been most deficient in those noble qualities which evince dignity of soul and energy of character; and, on the other hand, when men have been most ready to defend principles and interests dearer than human lives, they have made the greatest advance in civilization, and evinced the highest evidence of lofty faith and glorious self-devotion, those heaven-born qualities which save cities and kingdoms. It is one thing for a Christian to manifest a peaceable disposition, and quite another to live, as far as lieth in him, peaceably with all men; a distinction which the apostle most obviously recognizes, and which was even made by Christ when, in indignation that the temple at Jerusalem should be made a house of merchandise, he drove out, with whips and

cords, those who sold oxen and sheep and doves. We honor the Society of Friends, not for their doctrines of passive obedience, but for their recognition of the principles of love in the intercourse of nations, and their persistent affirmation that they ought to settle their difficulties by mutual concession rather than resort to measures of civil retaliation, so sure to end in needless and wicked bloodshed. And their enlightened dissertations on the duty of mutual forbearance, on the general inexpediency of war, and on the dreadful evils which it everywhere entails, have done much to open the eyes of nations to its folly and inhumanity, as it has generally appeared. For war, though sometimes necessary and inevitable, is always based on wicked passions on the part of the offending side, and is certain also to produce them at last among both contending parties. In its general nature and practice, it has proved the greatest evil which can degrade humanity, as well as the most atrocious crime which the wrath of man can possibly perpetrate. If civilization be impossible when there is general acquiescence in degrading slavery, it is also quite as hopeless when wars of conquest or ambition stain the world with blood, and waft the names of mighty conquerors to the ends of the earth in the curses and imprecations of despair.

The Friends, again, ever have been among the most strenuous advocates of civil and religious liberty. They were not the first to declare it, and therefore the idea is not peculiarly their own, but they have embraced the most radical views of it, and have been the most fearless of its results. They were among the first to denounce the usurpation of Cromwell, they were among the quickest to perceive the inconsistency of the Puritans. They would carry liberty of speech, of thought, of government, of religion, to the utmost bounds. The only limitation to it was to be placed by the conscience of mankind. And this view of liberty, not in all instances, we fear, such as is supported by the word of God, was based on their unbounded trust in the power of truth and love. They had no apprehension of its abuse, for they believed that love would disarm the ferocity of the most brutal and ferocious enemies. Hence they would trust their lives with savages, when they were committing upon others the most barbarous excesses. They would

unbind the fetters of the slave indifferent to all probable results. They thought they had no right to keep a single human being in bondage, except for crime, that all made in God's image were to be left perfectly free to choose their own mode of happiness, that such, as well as themselves, had the inner light to guide them, which it was no concern to others whether they respected or disregarded. Prudence, or calculation, or expediency never entered into their schemes of enfranchisement. They would give all an equal chance to rise and improve their own conditions. They advocated liberty as an abstraction, and not as a reality. Tell them of its probable, nay almost certain failure, and they would reply: "what is that to us, we must do right though the heavens should fall." And they had sufficient faith in the ultimate power of truth to be serene amid the apparent failure of their cause. They would be true to their principles even if they believed that they would be defeated. Their hopes extended to far distant times. Hence they believed in the gradual and progressive improvement of human society, since truth and God's Spirit would never be withdrawn; that successive developments of human progress would ultimately assimilate man to the image that was lost. They became the most sanguine of reformers, as well as the most radical and fearless. They would see the prostration of their cause and still rejoice, unmoved by the expostulation of the prudent, indifferent to the voice of wisdom, reckless of all the past experience of the world. How different such men from the Cranmers and the Cromwells of the Reformation! How different such from modern conservatives! But some may object to this statement, even some of the least intellectual and best conditioned among the members of their Society, and deny that Quakerism is radical in its spirit. We admit that many Friends are conservative in their sympathies, but there is nothing conservative in their principles or in the character of their early members. If they pushed abstract truths too far, and applied them too fearlessly and recklessly, still it is something to have advanced the indestructible ideas on which the welfare of the race depends.

The Society of Friends have been the most enlightened advocates of religious toleration. They never have persecuted any class of men for their religious opinions. In this respect

they have shown a decided superiority to the Puritans, who, next to them, have made the greatest professions. We do not say that they have never evinced any practical intolerance. That would be too much to expect of any sect of Christians in this world, since intolerance is in human nature itself, and is never entirely to be eradicated from the mind. We do not like those who differ from us, and not liking them, we avoid them, we do not sympathize with their afflictions, we are not averse to their humiliation, we would put them down so far as we can legally and properly. We frown upon them, we undermine them, we pervert their doctrines, we distort their views. We wish our enemies to be denounced, we will hear no censure of those we love, no praise of them we hate. In these respects the Friends are like other men. We would no more dream of satisfying them unless we adopted all of their views, than we would think of making Romanism appear to have been a useful power, in ages of baronial tyranny and ignorance, in the eyes of a bigoted partizan of ultra Protestant opinions. Religious toleration, in its broadest meaning, is the highest form of charity itself, which, though commanded, is no more to be attained than absolute perfection. We may approximate it, but we can not reach it. It is a virtue rarely seen in men of impetuous impulses, or ardent feelings, or one-sided habits of thought. It thrives best among those who are naturally mild and meek, among those whose reason is not apt to be dethroned by passion, among philosophers, among those who have seen the world. It is often allied with that indifference and coldness which betray a want of proper earnestness and love for truth, in the absence of any firm convictions; while, again, intolerance itself is sometimes the defect of the very loftiest natures, jealous of the dignity of truth, watchful of the glory of their Master.

If the Friends have not always manifested a practical toleration in the affairs of ordinary life, they yet have avoided those extreme courses of severity which other sects have been wont to exercise against those who differed from them. We read of no burning of witches, no expulsion of obnoxious heretics from the land, no branding with ignominy, no vile imprisonments, no savage tortures. They have never attempted to restrain the

thinking of opposing sects. And they have been peculiarly charitable in their judgments. They would not quench the fires of hell, but they have not consigned to those eternal torments the heathen sage, the pagan king, or the unlettered devotee to degrading forms, so long as they were true to the light they had. This, they affirm, has shined in every age enough for the practical ends of life. It is the voice of Deity in the soul, which, when obeyed, will lead to everlasting life; which, when resisted, will end in everlasting death. The Friend would welcome Socrates, and Seneca, and Plato, and Pythagoras into the abodes of the blessed, as well as the fathers of the church and the guides of modern Christians. The expansiveness of his benevolent desires is as boundless as the limits of the universe. He does not deny or doubt a state of future retribution. The universality of God's grace, to Jew and Gentile, Scythian and Barbarian, of whatever country, or kindred, or age, was one of the favorite tenets of Fox and Barclay and Penn, and which they embraced with undissembled fervor.

There was one more form of generous toleration for which the Friends were distinguished, and which is not often spoken of. They honored woman. They respected her voice in religious meetings as well as in the social home. They ever have zealously cultivated her intellect because they believed in her real and natural equality. They never depreciated her tastes or her genius. They would condemn her to no coarse and degrading duties. In all respects she was viewed as the companion of man, rather than his slave, his friend and counsellor and helpmate, rather than an inferior to be flattered by silly speeches and amused with toys and spectacles. The Friend associated with woman, not with seductive influence to beguile her, but with dignity and simplicity, as the being whom God gave to cheer him in his loneliness, or assist him in his misfortunes. Under such a treatment she has ever retained in his ranks, a true as well as admitted equality.

Such have been some of the blessings which Fox and his Society have conferred upon the world — some great ideas and some valued rights. Who will not concede that the principles of peace, of liberty and of generous toleration, are the glory of all true benefactors to our race, as well as the pride and the boast of a progressive age?

In view of these great substantial ideas, and also in view of the undoubted excellences which have ever characterized the followers of Fox, we can readily excuse any peculiarities in dress, or manners, or modes of speech; even opposition to many harmless pleasures, and disregard of many elegant arts. Such outward peculiarities will probably pass away, for they do not constitute the genius and the life of the system which they defend. These were not uppermost in the minds of Fox or Penn. What they thought of was nobler, higher, and more enduring, even the religious and moral welfare of a wicked world. Nor were their labors and principles in vain. Their ideas, in some respects, have been modified by the progress of society, but all that is truly great in them will live forever; while their errors, and who on earth can claim exemption from mistakes and follies, we believe will vanish gradually before the light, not of human reason, but of that everlasting Gospel which is to be the salvation of nations, and of that divine Spirit whose teachings they so earnestly invoked.

ARTICLE IV.

REASON IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION.

Reason in Religion. By FREDERICK HENRY HEDGE. Boston: Walker, Fuller & Company. 1865.

THE sceptical spirit is fast passing from the destructive to the constructive stage. This is a human necessity. It is impossible to rest in negations, to live comfortably among ruins. To pull things in pieces is the easiest of all arts, and the least rewarding. Voltairism has had its day. It never satisfied the finer type of the unbelieving mind. That is nearer akin to tears than to sneers and scoffs. Miss Hennell, who ranks among the ablest and most earnest of British atheistic writers, says with pathetic truthfulness: "It is useless for reason to convince itself to weariness that Christianity is a fable; and to go on showing plainly to our eyes how it grew out of its earthly root; while

the heart keeps protesting that it contained a response to her need whose absence leaves her cold and void. It would be much better for reason to cease its claim to be solely attended to, till her wants have been supplied." This confession, wrung out of an honest hour, is shared more or less audibly by many unsettled speculators in moral and religious science. It will not do to let go all the old holding places until some others are provided. We have come, through a century of demolition, into the age of reconstruction in free inquiry. Comte, Spencer and Stuart Mill have undertaken this universal philosophy, with suggestive oftener than sufficing results. The world yet waits to see if the Michael Angelo of the new St. Peter's has appeared. The book before us is a fruit of the same intention, in Christian dogmatics. It is not Parkerism in temper and purpose, however it may agree therewith in parts of its system. It professes to build up, and not to lay waste.

Vigorous thinking, and a vivid, energetic style have been generally conceded to this volume. Yet it is only a fair criticism to say, that the thought is often less strong than nimble; that the style is sometimes strained and ambitious beyond the best requirements of rhetorical taste. Thus the line — "Man is a yonder-minded being, an embodied hereafter" — begins one of these prelections. Dr. Hedge's mind is poetical rather than logical. Hence, though his book is intended to be a popular body of well-reasoned divinity, it turns out to be a fragmentary and inconsequential series of theological tracts. We have subjected it to a careful analysis, not, however, to review it at length, for that would demand a treatise on natural and revealed religion. Instead of this, we shall condense the thoughts which run through these chapters into as concise an expression as is consistent with intelligibility, adding here and there a comment upon the argument, where it does not manifestly carry its own refutation. This will necessarily preclude the notice of the varied embellishments so gracefully thrown around these dissertations. Once for all we will say, that the ornamentation of this structure is quite as lavish as its frame work of ideas will bear. It is not severely chaste enough, in method, for an accurate, scientific study. Our objection is not that the preacher stands out so conspicuously on these pages: most books of this kind,

from clerical pens, are published from the pulpit before they reach the press. But if the pulpit be the legitimate throne of eloquent speech, it should not fail in clear, simple, self-consistent statement and reasoning.

The author divides his work into two sections: Theistic Religion, and Rational Christianity. His introduction consists of two discourses. The first affirms, that the knowledge of religious truth comes not through the understanding, but through the moral faculties as a subject of faith. "To the mere understanding, the world is as intelligible and as satisfactory without a God as with one." p. 13. The province of this faculty is only to examine the facts which lie around it, and to demonstrate their conditions. It can never get beyond the limits of a "positive philosophy." A distinction is here assumed between the understanding or speculative reason, and the practical reason or moral sense. pp. 14, 15. The second discourse asserts, that the popular faith is Manichean, based on Augustine's false rendering of the "natural man," in the Pauline epistles. Dr. Hedge would translate it, "the animal man." The animal man can not be a Christian; that is, man can not be this while living as a mere animal — an axiomatic statement which, one would think, the apostle might have despatched in much fewer words than he has given to its vindication. Our author's improved version does not fit the logical connection of the apostle's reasoning. There is no room, moreover, to dissect between the "animal" and the "natural" man in this way. Neither a true exegesis or anthropology allows it. Calvin's explanation can not be set aside; that the *φύσικὸς ἄνθρωπος* "is not merely the man of gross passions, but whoever is taught only by his own faculties." These are only varieties of the same class, differenced by degrees of the animal or natural life, in distinction from the spiritual. Dr. Hedge's distinction here made is therefore without a difference of radical qualities. But it governs his entire inquiry. He goes on to say, that the "natural man" has in him the germ of godliness. The carnal part of the natural man is conceded to be at variance with God; but this is only a partial state. The processes of divine grace in human nature are all strictly natural. Every thing in

God's government of matter and mind is natural in opposition to unnatural, which we have never heard questioned.

But Calvinism, says our author, demands to "denaturalize" man, to make him "inhuman before he can become religious. . . . The doctrine taught by Augustine, and revived by Calvin, is that human nature, as such, is adverse to religion . . . is incapable of holiness: nature must be supplanted by grace . . . and after that change has taken place, the righteousness that follows is no product of human nature, but grace excluding human nature, and acting in its stead." p. 28.

This is a misconception. We no where affirm that human nature, that is, the human soul, is constitutionally incapable of holiness, but always and directly the reverse. This we maintain, that by its actual unholiness it is incapable of cleansing itself into purity. Human nature is not "supplanted," but is regenerated, by grace. Its righteousness is personally its own; but it is inwrought and perpetuated through the grace of God. Dr. Hedge interprets into a physical disorganization and reorganization, what we defend as a spiritual, and not "unnatural" but supernatural restoration of human nature to holiness.

Coming to the discussion of "Religion within the bounds of Theism," our author is positive that science does not find God; rather, it loses him as it advances. Science can not discover the being of God, and necessarily ignores his providence. Its business is "to find natural, known, appreciable causes for every fact and event: . . . where religion says 'creation', science says, development." p. 40. But faith demands both God and his government. Science refuses mystery: religion needs it. This is evidently designed sharply to distinguish the methods rather than the essential spirit of scientific explorations, for farther on, the author is eloquent in setting forth this very unsympathetic, "geometrizing" agent as "an evangelist whose mission it is to 'show us the Father,' and regenerate the world . . . the prophet whom nature vouches, the fellow-laborer who also cometh in the name of the Lord."

God, thus missed by science but demanded by faith, must be self-revealing. It lies in the very nature of Deity to disclose himself. How? In the human soul, by the quickening of the mental faculties into a state of exaltation. This is inspiration,

revelation, "the divine Spirit coöperating with and reënforcing the action of the mind." p. 58. The marks of this inspiration are that its utterances be practical, sensuous, popular, in distinction from abstract and philosophical; that it also carry the authority of personal character in the revealer of truth. The miraculous element is possible, but is not necessary, or primarily authoritative. Further on, the writer repeats that there is no real objection, whether philosophical or scientific, to a miracle; only it is contrary to the nature of the human mind to be convinced of religious truth by such kind of evidence.

Here Dr. Hedge has managed, as often elsewhere, to satisfy nobody. Least of all does he meet the Gospel declaration (John iii. 2) that men should know God's presence with his Son through the miracles which he wrought before them. If the author were a believer in the authority of the Bible, even so far as the contents of the four Gospels, we would ask him to explain this, among many similar statements in those records, of a simple matter of fact: "Then many of the Jews which came to Mary, and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on him." John xi. 45. The kind of testimony to a divine commission here given at the grave of Lazarus, would seem to have been adapted to the wants of those intelligent Jews; and if to them, then why not to others?

"The Regent God," according to this system, governs the universe, it is somewhat difficult to ascertain precisely in what manner. The self-governing theory of fixed laws is stoutly repelled. The catholic doctrine of Providence is essentially misconceived, as if God sometimes were busy with our affairs, but not always. The plan of this author labors to unite a personal God and ruler with an idealistic pantheism; and escapes an outright pantheism only, if at all, by poetic license.

God is accessible as the object of prayer. He hears our prayers for specific things. Man always has direct, unpropitiated access to his Maker. Neither here or elsewhere do we find any place for Christ's mediation, or recognition of its need.

"The Old Enigma" is the question of moral evil. Its solution is the necessary imperfection of the finite. This, however, is to confound the natural limitations of created souls with their moral defects; as if the latter were as unavoidable as the

former—which is not true if God has any angels. Dr. Hedge rejects the original purity and subsequent fall of man. He gives us "Optimism" as the key to the mystery of evil:

"All partial evil, universal good."

That evil produces good is one thing; so it may be "the bitter, biting oil which makes the flavor of the orange and the peach." That evil actually is good is simply false. Evil may be "a part of the process of which good is the end." So Judas was a part of the process of which redemption was the end. But no true Christian faith teaches that either Judas or any moral "evil is good undeveloped." This is putting "darkness for light;" the Satanic sophistry too transparent even for self-deception—

"Evil be thou my good:"

a fit philosophy only for one who is compelled, like Milton's fallen seraph, to make the despairing confession:

"—— all good to me is lost."

We would not do Dr. Hedge the injustice to charge him with a downright affirming of this naked absurdity. "It is all for the best," has a true Christian meaning which does not deny the reality of actual and everlasting wrong. But this can not be his interpretation of the "homely phrase" to which he subscribes. He is extremely obscure at this point, confronting a terrible fact for which he finds no satisfactory cause or explanation.

Sin is defined as a "wronged consciousness defection from the inner, holy self." "If a man could suddenly believe in sincerity that he was moral, he would be so": thus Novalis, as quoted approvingly. Therefore "sin ceases when the consciousness thereof ceases. . . . Devils (if such exist) are sinless." p. 129. Our author can see nothing in sin but a negation of good; we hardly understand how he can see so much, on his optimist theory. He calls it a negative state of the soul, as death is of the body—"a stoppage of breath." Yet, "the pang of conscious guilt is no illusion." But, if the guilt lie all in the consciousness, the quickest way to sanctification would seem to be through such a hardening of the soul in evil as to bring it to the sinless state of devils! Some appear to be fast

reaching that *nadir* of the spiritual sphere. Are we here also, on the borders of modern Perfectionism?

How all this squares with the "enmity against God" of the epistles, which looks much like a positive hostility to his holiness, we pause not to determine. Tantamount to this philosophy of sin is his doctrine of regeneration: "rally your faith in all the ideals: rally the good in the depths of thyself." p. 139. Our readers may be violently reminded of an ingenious device for a man's lifting himself over a stone wall.

The chapter on Death takes an entirely unscriptural view of that topic. It makes this a thoroughly normal thing, expressive of no displeasure in God at man or his sinfulness. It is no more an object of dread to him than to a brute or a withering leaf. "Religion" has made the natural man a coward about what is only the sunset of the present life. But how of tomorrow?

Dr. Hedge allows that Immortality is the subject of general human hope. Yet, the analogies in nature prove nothing; nor does the wish of the soul. But the sense of moral obligation in the soul, contradicting at so many points its instincts, involves "a problem which requires immortality for its solution. . . . The law of duty is not calculated for earthly limitations. . . . The obedience it requires supposes an immortal nature." As for the notion of the resurrection of the body, it only survives in the creeds of Christendom, not in its thought.

Thus closes the department of "Religion within the bounds of Theism." If it be painfully barren of ennobling, invigorating truths, we should bear in mind that this writer everywhere flouts the idea of a theology taught by nature, affirming that the delusion so expressed should be exploded, that all religion is necessarily that which is revealed. We turn then with sharpened appetite to the chapters on "Rational Christianity."

Concerning a written revelation from God, the ground is assumed that "our evidence that any particular writing is from God can never be stronger than the evidence of reason for or against the matter contained in it." p. 202. "This momentous principle—the very kernel of Protestantism," thus asserts the supremacy of reason not only over matters which are on a level with its powers, but also over facts which lie beyond

its scope of investigation and cognition. It not only gives reason jurisdiction over the proposition that two and two make four and not five, but that there can not be "three persons in one God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory." That this supreme enthronement of reason was never "the kernel of Protestantism" everybody knows who has read its confessions of faith from the beginning. But to adopt any other construction of the jurisdiction of reason than this, is with our author "bibliolatry," "fetichism," a slavish dependence on the "says-so of an individual." Our true Scripture is "the oracle within, the answer of the Holy Ghost which the listening, waiting soul receives in the innermost recesses of her own consciousness." p. 205. Yet, reason can not inform us of any fundamental truths in religion, not even of a God. p. 208. "All true religion is revealed religion." What then is revelation? It is education of reason and heart. p. 209. "Faith is no critic." It takes what is set before it, asking no questions. Education must ask the questions, and separate the precious from the vile. In this light, Paul is affirmed to have been the true type and forerunner of the rationalizing and liberalizing Christian, the proto-Abelard and Unitarian of the ages.

It is interesting, at this point to note that Dr. Hodge, as if fearful of the license which he has given to the "inner light," which may very easily be only the inner darkness, puts in a plea for a conscientious, reverential, critical spirit in working out these individual "revelations" of religious truth, a positive and loving spirit, not a negative and destructive. What Whately says of some people's "following the dictates of their consciences," has an equal application here: they do this only in the sense in which a person, driving in a carriage wherever he pleases, may be said to follow his horses. This will hardly answer, even in our author's judgment. The educated soul, that is, the personal bible, must do its task carefully, or the consequences, to put it mildly, may be disagreeable.

But what of Jesus Christ? The Athanasian view was true against the Arian; p. 238: and was not true in itself. The essential deity of Christ is denied as destroying, *ex necessitate*, his humanity. The Arian Christ was an abnormal product of which we can form no notion; with which we can have no sym-

pathetic relations. Christ was purely a man. Yet he was "God-man" in the sense of a union, through him, of humanity with God. "God and man are one in Christ." "God and man are one"—are formulas to which our author assents in a "deep interior sense." "God and man are one in the self-consciousness of the Spirit." pp. 238-9. This is, in reality, a flat rejection of the historic Christ of the Gospels.

While the apostolic view recognized the pure human nature alone of the Son of God with these variations of a *quasi* divinity, according to our present guide, the church, we are informed, found it necessary in a short time to give the converted pagans some kind of a tangible and mixed Deity to fasten upon by faith, in place of the discrowned divinities of their old worship. Hence, to meet this sensuous state of things, the Christ of the Gospel narratives was provided—his birth, struggles, triumphs, death, and so forth, answering very nearly to their former mythological ideas. Thus the orthodox views were a blessing, for the time. But, that exigency of the world being passed, we are coming back to the apostolic Unitarianism, as fast as perhaps could reasonably be expected. Now that the race is putting away its "childish things" in its advancing adolescence, the doctrine of Christ's pure and simple manhood is all which is needed.

The Holy Spirit, likewise, is objectively the one God, our Father, in the manifestation of truth and love. Subjectively, it is man's "divine instinct," his "dæmon," or "good genius." "Grieve not the Spirit" means; "Be true to your higher instincts."

Religion is spiritual, but must have its "letter." The churches which have the most of the letter of sacrament, ordinance, rite, are "strongest, not only in the way of efficient action and ecclesiastical power, but strongest in spiritual vitality": only, the letter must not be mere letter, but spiritualized by the divine instinct within us.

Salvation by works is impossible, because obedience must then be perfect. But this can not be. Therefore, salvation is by faith; in other words, not by what a man does, but by what he is. By faith in what? In himself. "Confidence in one's own salvation, is salvation." p. 328. This is regarded as the doctrine of Paul and Luther. Far enough is this from their teaching

It reminds us much more of a popular theory of a "Higher Life" frequently met with, of late, in religious works of a certain class, and in the teachings of some revivalist preachers, making saving faith to consist in a sentiment of self-persuasion.

Atonement by sacrifice or expiation is a pagan delusion. The biblical language so representing it is "figurative not dogmatic," derived from heathen sources. The Gospel is a message of love and pardon direct from God. There is no other grace than this. The idea of satisfaction is regarded as necessarily antagonistic to that of grace.

"Nothing in the history of opinions is more marvellous than that Christian theologians should fail to see, that by treating Christ's death as the satisfaction of a debt, whether in the sacrificial sense of expiation, or the governmental sense of a shift or compromise, they rule out of Christianity precisely that which constitutes its most distinctive feature—grace. . . . Instead of living under a dispensation of grace, we are under a dispensation of inexorable law. Instead of a Heavenly Father, we have only a Hebrew Jehovah or Olympian Jove." pp. 334, 335.

This passage strikingly reminds us of some readings, a few years ago, of a very similar character, in however a quite different quarter. We will quote briefly, before offering a remark or two in reply to this objection.

"Pardon is the gracious remission of deserved penalty. But according to this theory, the penalty is not, and in no case can be remitted; it is, and must be, in every instance of sin, endured to the last jot or tittle, either by the sinner, in his own person, or in the person of his substitute. . . . There is no longer any penalty due to the sin, and of course there is none to remit. The non-infliction of penalty in such a case is, in no proper sense of the word, pardon. It is an act of justice, not of grace. The believer can boldly claim it as a right, and need not humbly sue for it as a gracious favor. . . . The believer's exemption from punishment is not due, directly, to an act of divine sovereign grace, but to a mere act of divine justice; and is only what he can, and should, unhindered by a 'false humility,' demand as his right."¹

This elaborated statement of the precise position defended by Dr. Hedge, is more distinctly given in another recent work from a yet more distinguished pen.

¹ *Bibliotheca Sacra*: "The Necessity of the Atonement," by Daniel T. Fisk D. D. Vol. XVIII. pp. 303, 304.

"Did Christ bear the legal penalty which was due to us? 'Yes,' many Calvinists reply. 'No,' was the reply of Emmons; for *after* our penalty has been borne once, distributive justice forbids that it be borne the second time, and therefore, on this theory, our freedom from punishment results *immediately* from strict justice, not from Sovereign Grace."¹

The difficulty thus urged against a true atonement, by this singular combination of theological interests, is less real than apparent. The fallacy which it involves is this—that it makes Christ's work of redemption a mere business or commercial transaction; it places committed crime upon the level of a financial obligation. If a pecuniary debt be once discharged, it can not again be collected. No one questions this. If, however, it were discharged by some third party, through pure benevolence, the released debtor might very well feel that an act of especial grace had put him under bonds of deep gratitude. But, to meet the objection more radically, Christ's satisfying his Father's law though an expiatory death does not obliterate the grace of salvation thereby, because sin has in it a moral demerit, a worthiness of punishment, a demand for retribution upon itself, which will ever make its pardon essentially gracious, no matter by what arrangement this pardon be effected. The idea and the reality of an intrinsically just exposedness to eternal wrath goes along so consciously with guilt under God's government, that, though Christ assumes the law-place of the sinner, in bearing his penalty, sufficiently to satisfy Divine justice in his forgiveness when penitent, the deliverance can never lose its character as an act of grace in the sovereignty of Heaven, or in the consciousness of the Christian. This doctrine does "not frustrate the grace of God." The objection here considered springs from a low and human conception of the whole subject. It is neither a biblical, a philosophical, or a soundly experimental view of it. The true solution of this question lies in a profounder region of thought, and takes up a more spiritual sense of the relations of God and a sinful race, than this popular but superficial cavil appears to have recognized. And here lies the trouble with all the varying shades of defective beliefs on this central doctrine of Atonement. Diminishing the

¹ Park's Memoir of Nathaniel Emmons, pp. 388, 389.

claims of God's holy and eternal justice upon the sinner, getting rid of its grasp in some theory of mercy without a Mediator, or of general benevolence with a Mediator—"the governmental sense of a shift or compromise," as Dr. H. calls this semi-orthodox scheme; the gate is opened and the track graded to even so low and anti-biblical a plane of theological heresy as this volume develops.¹ But to return to our analysis:

Immortality, under the lights of revealed religion, is not a natural destiny, but a moral and spiritual result of Christ's union with humanity. It is "not universal but special, not a heritage but an acquisition." Most will enjoy it in future repose and bliss. The very wicked will have a sort of diffused, unconscious, unorganized life hereafter; no souls are utterly annihilated. Brute souls live on, in some form—so do all spiritual existences.

Looking further into this department of his theme, in a longer chapter than usual, bearing the title of a "Critique of Partialist and Universalist views of Penal Theology," Dr. Hedge indulges himself at the outset with a libel of Orthodoxy. He says:

"The first and last and only question which this system propounds to the individual is, how to escape the eternal damnation to which it supposes him doomed by the fact of his humanity; that is, by the measure of sinfulness proper to human nature as such. The question is, not how to escape the sin, but how to escape the damnation incurred by it." pp. 387—8.

We suspect that the writer of this sulphureous passage was very near the point, just then, of losing his customary equanimity; from what cause, it would not be gracious in us to guess. We have too elevated an opinion of his intelligence to suppose that he believes that this *jeu d'esprit* is anything more than the stale stock-fling of his school which, to be sure, he should not have stooped to pick up and throw again at men who continually preach as earnestly, at least, and perhaps as rationally as himself, that "the aim of a true religion is, not to escape damnation, but to lay hold of everlasting life." Passing this:

¹ If the reader would see this process of deterioration more fully set forth, we refer him to a former volume of this work: *The Boston Review*, III. 217—235. "Atonement—Steps Downward."

Universalism is pronounced to be wrong, for it thrusts eternal life and blessedness on those who have undergone no previous preparation for it. It makes that state of purity a mechanical result of the simple passage into another world. It "supposes an efficacy in death which we have no right to assume." p. 391. Restorationism also, is wrong, for it finds, says the Doctor, a medicinal virtue in the atmosphere of hell, that is, "lest the theological term should mislead, in the future transmundane penalties of sin, which may possibly belong to them, but of which we know nothing." p. 393. Partialism is opposed to the infinite love of Heaven, whether it be held on the ground (a) that God creates men to damn them; which notion we conjecture must be some eccentricity of a German school of pessimism; or, (b) that God makes men so that some certainly will damn themselves. These theories, in just such hard terms as these, are laid at the door of "partialism" as being a part of its plan of moral government. It is hardly needful to say that neither expresses the catholic doctrine of the perdition of lost souls. We stand with Christ himself, when he said to some on whom the "wrath of God" should abide forever: "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."

The final result of this eschatological inquiry is—that many of the unprepared to die will be recovered to purity and God by future remedial influences, of not apparent character: that the utterly irrecoverable will be annihilated. "The soul, as a moral agent and a conscious individuality, is extinct: as a monad it still survives. No longer a person, but a thing, its condition thenceforth is not a question of psychology, but of ontology." p. 417.

This disposal of the utterly reprobate is sufficiently cool. A soul reduced to the monad-state, we take to be a skeleton-soul merely, denuded of its nerves, and its bones wired up in some "transmundane" collection of ontological specimens for the study of the curious. We dislike to write thus about so serious a matter, but the idea is not worthy of a rebutting argument. It is not an idea in any rational sense. One might understand what Mr. Hudson means by the gradual extinguishment of a lost spirit, like a spent candle. But the transmigration of a reasonable soul into a "thing," insults all

were born. Individuals and nations may grow old, decay and die; but as the race is immortal in its youth, so its thoughts have a like youthful nature, imperishable in their freshness and perpetual in their power. Chaucer will always be as full of life and spring-verdure as when on that April of 1300, his nine and twenty pilgrims "toward Canterbury woulde[n] ride." Shakespeare, "nature's darling," will never know decrepitude and age, but will "warble his native woodnotes wild," when the seventeenth century shall seem as far back in the past as does the times of Herodotus and Sophocles. Literature in its essential idea has a total independence of time and place. As these are the conditions of matter and of physical forces, they can have no connection with, and can place no limit to, that which is spiritual and human, and yet divine. Springing not from the understanding, but from the spirit itself, it is a spiritual power. Seeking to make its impressions on what is most divine in man, its aim is far higher than that of imparting instruction. To touch any or all of the countless sympathies of the heart, is nobler than to communicate a scientific fact. You can not place a Homer in the same category with an Aristotle. You can not compare the Ballad of Chevy Chase with a Newton's Principia. It may impart new knowledge, but it does it only indirectly, and through the materials it uses for another object. While it does not aim at developing the muscle and sinew of an athletic intellect, it is far removed from all tendency to produce an enervation of mind. We know very well the etiolating effect of its abuse, when the whole occupation of the man or woman is that of seeking for sensations, when the aim of life is solely to receive impressions from works of power, without an effort at transmission or reproduction. We know well that the habitual devotion of the indolent mind to what is called light literature is sure to be followed by mental imbecility. We know well that the continual surrender of the whole being to sensuous poetry and to emasculated prose, is worse than opium eating on its enfeebled victim. We know that in every community, there are those who were born to better things, but who have grown to be monsters in selfishness and mental feebleness, through their guilty surrender to this mode of intoxication. Yet this is no argument against a deep and familiar acquaintance with true

literature ; yea, the admiration of what God has wrought by the free instrument of human genius.

Literature is not to receive the first place in the life of any man. We have other objects for living than passively to receive impressions. We are to glorify God by being of use in the world, gaining our bread by the sweat of our brow in aiming to supply some of the great wants of men. From the divine arrangement, we must rigidly retain all literature in a subordinate position.

In our country, it is very evident that no one has a right to live a life of Sybaritic enjoyment, whether it be animal, social, or intellectual. They who live merely to feel refined emotions, are to be classed with those who live for sensual pleasure, although the foul disfigurement may not be so plainly discernible. The past four years' sad history, with its ensanguined pages, has made this revelation, if nothing more, that men must throw the energies of their being into something of positive benefit to mankind ; that we must rally to the world's help, and go out of ourselves to be of use to others. Many have been awakened from their selfish dreams of culture, by the piercing calls of some brother man. Sympathies that were wont to waste themselves on books, have had full vent on the battle-field, in the hospitals, or at home, in ministering to the necessities of the wounded hero, or in soothing the sorrow of those who have made the dearest sacrifice to their country. The very rebellion itself teaches that there can be no one class in our land living for itself ; each must live for all, none were born to be lilies of the field, destined neither to toil nor spin. The highest literature must be cast aside when it begins to hedge us up in the circle of beauty and of æsthetic culture, so that the beckoning hands of our fellow-men can not meet our eye. Such culture is as false as it is destructive. Mere literary men and women, with nothing developed but the taste, the critics of sermons, of style, of language, the admirers of grace and elegance, and nothing more, are worse than the drones of a hive ; while they are non-producers, they all can sting. The influence of that great heathen poet, Goethe, has been an injury to the world, so far as any have adopted his chief end of life, and made intellectual and æsthetic culture the sole object of their being ; choosing

books, acquaintances, and modes of life with these sole views. If the great library of Alexandria existed, and was used for the purposes that a Goethe, and some of our American transcendentalists would have used it, the bishop Theodosius and his monks from Nitria were public benefactors when they destroyed it.

In all true culture the moral must keep pace with the intellectual and æsthetic, or rather, form the foundation and permeate all that is developed with warm human love. The good of the whole must be deemed of more worth than the good of the individual. Secession is in direct opposition to the fundamental law of the race. No man nor body of men have a right to say, "leave us alone," whether it be to cultivate cotton, or to cultivate the intellect; to develop an aristocracy of idlers, on the corner-stone of slavery, or to develop the critical faculty, to the neglect of every other claim.

We are rapidly learning in this day that no man has a right to live unto himself, or to die unto himself. Like the mines of the earth, we were made to be worked, and the gold, silver, and precious stones are to be put in circulation and actual use. The granite, the marble, the sandstone, the limestone, are to take their places in the structure of society when they are wanted. None need set itself apart in misanthropical seclusion to polish itself into a Corinthian column. The Corinthian order of social architecture is going out of date. The ornaments of society are not your connoisseurs, your dilettanti, your blue-stockings of either gender, or of none but those who believe with Milton that the end of all learning, whatever its extent and comprehension, is "to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love Him and to imitate Him." The highest culture is that which best fits a man "to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously to all, the offices, both public and private, of peace and war." The period of life when the energies of so many are given to the teachings of others, when we surrender ourselves to the mighty imaginations of the creators in literature, when we delight to grasp their colossal conceptions of beauty and power, and to stand in rapture and in awe before them, when we take them for our guides and wander with them into their

bowers of loveliness, where all things stand sunset-flushed and gorgeous with a glory not of earth; when we surrender ourselves to their full influence, thinking their thoughts and feeling profoundly what they have felt in the depths of their natures; this period must come to an end. If we strive to oppose the design of God in giving us life and a capacity for its duties, we do so at our peril; failing not only in the purpose of our existence, but in the accomplishment of what we seek, that is, the highest culture and the purest enjoyment. Basking in slothful indolence, like the lotos eaters, we shall become emasculated and incapable of manly, vigorous thought, and of manly, vigorous action.

When a nation becomes dissolved in passive admiration for beauty of form, whether in marble or color, or in the higher art of verbal expression, it falls an easy prey to the healthy and the manly Goth or Vandal; and it deserves to fall. The man who has derived from literature that culture only which worship of the form of beauty gives, whether it comes from music, painting, or the soft harmonies of Spenser and Tennyson, ought to be shouldered aside by those who have the moral and intellectual cultivation which springs from the clear vision of reality and truth. The world needs men of a high style of training. It likes the lustre, the intellectual grace, the perfect polish, but it asks, and has a right to ask, that the polish shall be upon Damascus steel, and that the blade shall be drawn for service, not hung up for show. When it is tempered and polished, take it out of the forge, take it off from the grindstone, cease rubbing with emery, or soon there will be nothing left but the sheath and the handle. Apply the friction and the diamond dust when exposure and actual use in the service of men is diminishing its lustre and lessening its gleam.

Here then is the place of literature, in the high meaning of the word. It must be held subordinate to the classics of active life. It is a servant, not a master; but though a servant, it has no menial duties to perform. What Milton says of music, that it "has its religious, glorious and magnificent uses," is no less true of this the highest product of human genius, which speaks to man as man, and addresses itself to what elevates him above the brute and makes him what he is. As the spirit

of the writer permeates whatever he writes, whether it be the calm, quiet English of Arthur Helps, or the humor and grace and harmonious flow of our own Irving, or the fiery majesty of Milton's prose, or the eloquence and beauty of Jeremy Taylor, which glides in a perpetual stream, or the weird fascinations of Hawthorne's nervous, pellucid pen, or whether it be the solemn organ peals of the blind Puritan poet, where all the learning, and genius, and beauty, and power of all times past seem to be gathered, beautiful and sublimest to reappear in the "Paradise" which rolls forth its adjusted concords forever and forever, just as the watery wealth of the West and the North, of Superior, Huron, Michigan and Erie, with all their peculiarities of expanse, of depth, of temperature and color, unite and blend in the world's Niagara as it rushes along in perpetual thunder and unceasing foam, terrific in its swift majesty, yet gorgeous with rainbows and bridal veils of the white, pearly, falling water; as the spirit of the writer permeates whatever he writes, whether it be Milton or Burns or Browning or Wadsworth, so it is the spirit of the reader it asks for and wishes to move. Deep calleth unto deep. We are to bring our very souls to receive a full impression from those few master-minds whom God has set like stars in the firmament to shine for men.

The first use of literature is to liberalize. The necessary tendency of the pursuits of life compels such a division of labor, that men of all occupations are in danger of becoming but one thing. Undoubtedly we shall not attain too great a proficiency in any of our chosen employments. There is no probability that we shall be too good editors, lawyers, ministers, farmers, carpenters, doctors, teachers, but there is danger of our being only an editor, only a doctor, only a carpenter, only a teacher. We need something to counteract this tendency to sharpness or narrowness. If we are not on our guard, we shall soon be looking at mankind only from one point of view. Our interests will all be special and professional. If merchants, we shall be looking at men only as consumers of dry goods, groceries and hardware. If lawyers, as persons who will probably be indicted sometime for arson, forgery, or government frauds, or as persons who will be involved in bankruptcy, or at any rate as those who ought to be making

their wills. If teachers, we shall think of men as good or bad linguists, mathematicians, metaphysicians. The minister of the Gospel, though he can say with Paul, "We are determined to know nothing save the cross," should be something else besides the minister. In order to the best discharge of his especial duties as a bringer of good tidings, as one who can speak a word in season to them that are weary, like his Lord, he must be a "Son of man," with quick pulses, with ready sympathies, with a heart full of tenderness, full of courage. Literature subserves this end, as it calls us away from what is individual to what is general, from what is professional to what touches the highest common interests of all. It takes us out of the routine of ordinary work and makes us recognize the existence of other spheres of thought and feeling. It keeps from stagnation the better portion of our nature, and gives a fulness and breadth to what otherwise would be contracted and narrow. Illustrations of these thoughts are found in every department. Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, the author of "Spare Hours," is none the worse surgeon, from giving Baxter, and Howe, and Vaughan's poems, and such sterling literature a place in his time, alongside of the Carpenters, Dunglisons and Velpeaus of the healing art. In our own land, the professional men of the widest influence are the men whom literature has liberalized. Men like Prof. H. B. Smith and Prof. Shedd have drunk deep draughts from every fountain. Men like Prof. Tayler Lewis (if there is his peer) have not contented themselves with what lay in the line of their own department. They have sought the growth and expansion that could be imparted by all that is noble and pure and spiritual in the profoundest and most human of the literature of the world. Rufus Choate would never have attained his power had he only turned the pages of Coke upon Littleton, and Chitty and Blackstone and Story. That splendor of diction, that wealth of illustration, that fascination of vital beauty, which clothed every argument and adorned every plea, sprang from the liberalizing efficacy of the life-blood of the master spirits of the world, which is treasured up in books. To their influence and mastery he surrendered himself. Daily, nightly, for

a little while, he sought their wise companionship, and reverently listened to their words of truth and power.

We need, further, the literature of which we are writing in order to harmonize us and make us feel our connection with our race. As the life of humanity is integral and continuous, we shall not understand the wants of the present, unless we feel the pulsations and power of the common life. As this generation is the outgrowth of all that preceded it, we must know the past to know the necessities of the present. It is not enough to come in contact with the living, we need to be brought face to face with the dead. The present is not wise enough; we need the cumulative wisdom of all time. To say that books are the cement of ages, is but saying a little of the truth. They contain the spirit of the generations in which they were written. The books of power that men do not let die, are the condensations of the best thought of their time and nation. When Cicero speaks it is not Marcus Tullius only. It is Rome of the first century before Christ. When Augustine speaks, it is not the bishop of Hippo only. The church of his time speaks through him, and he gives the best and fullest statement of their opinions; vague and undefined though they may have been until they had passed through the furnace of his genius, where they were freed from alloy and stamped with the impress of strength, of brilliancy and of beauty, by his master hand. The great writers of the times of Elizabeth, James, Charles and Cromwell, put in circulation the best thoughts of their days, in civil and religious liberty, on forms of government, on theology and on education, for all men's minds were exercised on those themes as never before nor since. The spirit of the nation, aroused to its highest pitch of enthusiasm by the pressure of its necessities, spoke through them as they told their countrymen and the world what could best subserve the interests of a people merging into a freedom which they were resolved to gain and perfect. When we go to them, we go to men who have thought most deeply, and expressed themselves most clearly and powerfully on these topics of undying interest which then arose before the world in their true and majestic proportions. They spoke for humanity, and not for themselves alone.

Would we gain wide views, we must seek the highest summits, and look through the optic glass of the best artists. We must sit at the feet of the great teachers, think their thoughts, feel their deep impulses, look out from their heights, both before and after, and see how far the one unbroken race, the genus man, has made advance in the line of true development.

As they who were the free instruments of God in giving us a Revelation, spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, so they who have uttered the most of human wisdom spoke as they were moved by the spirit of humanity. There were many prophets, but their visions were not all recorded, the Divine hand gathering up only what the world needed, as inclusive of all the rest. So what was best uttered, what had most comprehensiveness, vigor, truth and beauty, what had the most vital worth and the finest, fullest verbal expression, the instinct of the race has handed down to us. If we do not know what the one human race has thought and felt in the days of its excited struggles, and in the halcyon hours of its repose, we shall neither enter into a full sympathy with its life, nor do our part in meeting its demands. Our ignorance will keep us in a partial isolation.

Literature not only harmonizes, it nourishes patriotism. It is impossible to surrender ourselves up to the power of those who write upon the deepest themes of our common humanity, in words of vigor and life, with the additional fascination of harmony of number or of rhythm, and not be kindled by their fires. All of the world's great oracles, no matter in what tongue they address their fellow-men, whether they at once have gained the general ear, or have had to wait until the coming generations for a listening audience, are full of ardor and affection for their native soil. Their hearts yearn toward their country and their countrymen. However wide their views and broad their utterances, their fulness and majesty are heightened when these interests awake the energies of their souls. However ardent their love for the liberty of all, their love for the liberty of their own land beams with a brighter, purer flame. If the Italian sings "*Bella e liberta*," it is liberty for Italy. If liberty, political, social and religious, is dear to Milton, it is for England and for Englishmen. When Wordsworth rouses

us most with a clarion blast, it is for England's victories. When Burns subdues us most, it is when his lines are fragrant with Scotland's own blossoms, and melodious with the sound of her own swift streams. Nationality is as essential an element in literature as individuality. The writer must not only speak for humanity with his own clear and peculiar utterances; he must speak for his own people and in his own mother tongue. He must be so penetrated with the flavor of the soil on which he grew, that the elimination of that flavor would be the destruction of the germ and fibre of all he writes. His style must have the raciness of his country's honest idioms. We know that this is so. Shakespeare could never have gained the sovereignty over the literature of the world, had not every page the vital throb of unmistakeable English life. It does the heart good to read his patriotic bursts, of which his historic plays are full.

We are moved by no writers as by those who "show the mettle of their own pastures." The spirit of their own people must speak if they would receive our homage. When patriotism fires them, patriotism will fire us, if we yield ourselves as we should to their generous ardor. Do we need historic proof of such a magnificent use of literature? The chosen spots in Germany where the patriotic impulses are most profoundly felt, are the universities, where they quaff the deepest draughts from the pure, perennial streams which may have sprung up in other lands, but they flow on, like the four streams of Eden, to water the earth. The colleges of our own land have shown the most unsullied patriotism. Professors and students in our own land have shown what intellectual diet fed them, as they left behind the material and grosser element of their books, and carried their spiritual and imperishable essence into the field of battle. Our revolutionary patriots had this healthy nutriment. Witness the will of the father of the late Josiah Quincy: "I leave to my son Josiah, when he shall attain the age of fifteen, the works of Algernon Sidney, John Locke and Lord Bacon, Gordon's Tacitus, and Cato's Letters; and may the Spirit of Liberty abide upon him."

Another function of the literature we would magnify, is to vitalize. It is a very common remark that many public men,

as lawyers, editors, teachers and others, as they advance in years, show less and less of the healthy, pleasing vigor that gave to their earlier intellectual products much of their attractiveness. The sermons are dryer and duller, although they may be more compact with abstract thought. The lawyer's brief may be clear, but his speeches are cold and heavy. The teacher, who clothed the abstractions of language and logic with the dress of life, has subsided to the position of a dry imparter of dry systems and dead rules. The bones of paleontology have become very dry. There is no soul, now, under those ribs of death. The continuance in the old routine, with no visits to "fresh fields and pastures new," has had its slow and sure effect. All professional men must grow dull, abstract and skeleton-like, unless they are ever renewing their intellectual youth by a frequent and sympathetic recurrence to those great teachers of mankind whose thoughts are always young. Study of these authors, for the sake of criticism and analysis, will not do. There must be the genial, receptive surrender to their influences which marked the early perusal. Such an acquaintance will ever be detecting new beauties. The trained and affectionate eye will see hidden depths of meaning, where before it had only glanced upon the surface. Coming back again and again, like Antæus to the earth, they will renew their strength.

It is very strange that, among the very men whose professed object in life is the presentation of religious truth to men, so that old and young may be effected by it, there should be not only an indifference to, but a contemptuous disparagement of, the only means that can accomplish their object, that is : truth presented to the intellect, the will, the sensibilities and the imagination, in a living form. They avoid life as if it were death itself. They speak disparagingly of those who have it. But alas ! they are in error. The race is always young, and full of vitality. To be moved aright, it must have its true cravings met. It demands the fundamental truths that are as old as the dawn of the race, but it must have them in vital, rounded and youthful forms. It asks for the same kind of air and water that Adam breathed and drank, but it must be running water and oxygenated air. Unless we go back to the Alpine men whom nature has appeared to furnish the beginnings of river-systems

and water-courses for the irrigation of the world, those mountain peaks that are perpetual landmarks to those who are far at sea, those summits, where "of pure now purer air meets the approach," we shall lose the taste of truth, as it bursts from its fountains.

To pay no attention to the perfect forms into which human thought has crystalized, while we are working away at our editorials and sermons, with the desire of influencing men, is as great an absurdity as it would be for the sculptor ever to be chiselling his marble without a look at the dimpled limbs and graceful movements of young children, or the developed strength and beauty of riper age. We need the impulses that come from comparison. We need to know what is a healthy growth. We are acquainted with ministers who will write a great many sermons — good men they are. They read very little. They have a poor opinion of style. They think clearly, and suppose that that is all that they need do. If they ever read the master-pieces of sacred oratory, they speak contemptuously of them, calling them florid, popular. It is true, they are florid, but not in an offensive sense; only as they are adapted to living, breathing men who have blood in their veins, light in their eyes and color on their cheeks. They have what they ought to have, color, life, energy. If these critics were making arithmetics, they ought to make them dry, but sermons should not be modelled after such a standard.

These critics are right, in calling those productions popular. That was what they were designed to be. They were addressed to the people for present moral effect. We wish all who preach, could preach such "popular" sermons.

This evil might be corrected in a great degree by the right use of the highest literature. A full appreciation of the masters in theological literature alone must impart health and vigor. Calvin's Institutes and Commentaries, for example, are all alive. Every paragraph has the glow of health. The blood runs through every line. Thoughts the most subtle or profound are suggested to the mind by striking imagery. The sentences sparkle. They have brilliant fiery points.

To the dull and the dry and the lifeless, such works would be as efficacious as were the bones of the prophet Elisha to the

dead man who was cast into his sepulchre. They would revive them and cause them to stand upon their feet.

Further, let us notice the power that literature has to give repose. When we are wearied by the toils of the day, and by jarring contact with selfish men, when we are fatigued by the stirring scenes through which we are passing, when we are exasperated by traitorous words around us, and depressed by our present anxieties and by our hopes deferred, we can withdraw to other society and listen to other words, and to wiser men. We can forget the reports of "Correspondents," and listen to the truthful chronicles of Froissart or Stowe. We can turn from our anxious survey of the lines and trenches at the front where brothers and friends are lying in heroic endurance, and think of Thermopylæ where Greek awaited Persian. We can cease our indignation as we have read of Semmes and the leaders of piratic crews, and read of Drake and Raleigh, of Nelson and Decatur. We can close the exciting pages of contemporary history, and find a calmness of mind as we read how Cromwell fought and reigned. We can leave the speculations of the present, and quiet our spirits with the minstrelsy and fiction of the good Sir Walter. The price of gold is forgotten as we read the *Urn Burial* of Sir Thomas Browne. Rumors of raids and invasions no longer disturb us, as we learn how Birnam wood came to Dunsinane. Lord Russell's or Secretary Seward's despatches are temporarily sealed with oblivion as we are borne along by the fascinating tide of Bolingbroke's letters. We can leave the questions of finance, of politics, of reconstruction, of foreign policy, of future wars, for time to settle, as we give the hour to Bossuet, to Hawthorne or De Quincey. We can ask Hooker to speak to us of her, "whose seat is the bosom of God, whose voice is the harmony of the world." Coleridge can enlarge our conceptions of men and Deity. Wordsworth can interpret to us what nature teaches. The world is all before us where to choose. And as we take the wisest and the best to be our companions, and as we utter not a word to all they tell us, uttering better thoughts than we are used to and in a better way, their calm serenity raises us above the smoke and stir of earth, and their perfect harmonies soothe and restore.

We can go higher than this. Disturbed by anarchy and rebellion we can go to the pages, where we shall read, that there is a King who reigns in righteousness, that to him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess him Lord. When we hear of wars and rumors of wars we can hear him saying: "These things must needs be." Above the waves and the storms we can hear him saying: "Peace be still," and we are calmed.

Finally, we would not overlook the power that literature has to elevate, refine and spiritualize. The tendency of the world's hard business is to dry up the heart. Very often youth loses all its geniality and freshness in advancing years. The rough encounters all have to meet, the crushing experiences of human selfishness that unexpectedly arise among men, the absorption of their powers in the work of life, make men hard, destroying every feature of the ideals that filled the vision of early days, and withering up all those feelings that now they term romantic. But when these feelings are gone, and the ideals of youth have vanished, the better part of us is gone. Not only are our capacities for pure enjoyment taken away, but our capacity for sympathy with the best of our kind is destroyed, and, as a necessity, our capacity for the highest usefulness is lost. Our very hopes of immortality seem dreams.

One of the great collateral benefits that the word of God confers, is found in this—that it ever renews the fading lustre of that which the world of sight and touch and taste is perpetually effacing. As long as we hear the weekly messages of love we can not quite forget our possibilities of attainment, or fail to see from what height we have fallen, and to what we may return.

All true literature is subservient to the same high purpose. The perfect inspiration of the Bible finds no contradiction in the lower inspirations of human genius, when they are not prompted by motives of vanity, hatred and sensual passion, and when they make their appeal to what is spiritual and not what is earthly in man; for they strike the noblest chords within us; they fill us with the loftiest aspirations; they kindle our emulation for that which is exalted; they purge the mind from that which is gross and sensual; they arouse an ennobling

admiration for what is lovely and of good report; they foster an aversion toward all that looks down and degrades, toward all that crosses, and poisons, and pollutes.

But the mere application of the understanding is not followed by such results. The profoundest chemist may starve in the midst of the abundance which he analyzes; so the shrewdest critic of the letter may die of atrophy, while the spiritual sustenance of ages is on his table. Knowledge puffeth up, but a loving, humble reception, buildeth up. When the imagination and the affections are called into exercise, the spirit feels the expanding and purifying power. As a man thinketh so is he. The clear dream, the solemn vision, "telling of things that no gross ear can hear," this "oft converse with heavenly habitants," so changes the soul's essence, that by the help of God, there is more hope that at length it will "gain the divine property of its first being." Having listened to earth's best teachers, the ear will be more ready to catch diviner accents, and learn of Him who teaches from the cross.

ARTICLE VI.

AFTER THE WAR.

THE preëminent thought, the most profound feeling of the nation is, that our government is preserved in its majesty, and our territory in its integrity, now devoted to universal freedom. From either of these results of the war the national heart recoiled at the first, and always with a most intense earnestness. Let who would suffer, let what would perish, these two points must be maintained. Other issues, more or less important among themselves, coming in earlier or later, and made by few or many, had their place and claims. But these two led: the Constitution and the Union. So for the salvation of these, our emotions of gratitude lead off among the joyful feelings following the war. We are not a broken and shattered Republic, little and greater sovereignties, dashing and grinding against each other, like huge ice islands and icebergs in arctic seas and

under arctic storms. We are yet one, and anchored at our ancient moorings in the temperate zone. Our constitution, the very centre of attack, much in peril, often under cloud, and sometimes the subject of requiem as if departed, still stands forth in its noble proportions and original strength. So the Granite Hills are stronger than the fierce winter tempests; and the spring covers them, as before, with foliage and flocks and fruitful fields.

Great issues have been involved. In the early times of our government they were made; for the last four or five years they have been bloodily and valiantly contested, and God has defended the right. For long time two civilizations have been struggling in this country for ascendancy. One is of the fourteenth and the other of the nineteenth century. Two theories of government have been in conflict, the one feudal, the other democratic, the one despotic, the other free, the one aristocratic, the other republican.

One civilization, theory and section of the country have been asking that we might go back into a petrification of mediæval Europe; the other, that we might go forward with the current of providence and progress into the America of the twentieth century of Christianity.

The one section ignored the laws of growth, as applicable to national industry and wealth, intellect and morals; and so by painful processes sought to force on the nation the infantile foot of the Chinese and the depressed cranium of the Flat Head Indian. The other section sought to popularize labor, enrich all classes, educate the populace and elevate all into the intelligent morality of the Gospel. So the nation would grow and develop in symmetry and strength and glory. So the progressing ages would not leave us behind. Here and hence the Great Rebellion and our national struggle.

The sections themselves have not been fully conscious of so great a depth, sweep and issue in the contest. Facts nearer the surface, aims of narrower scope, and ends closer at hand, have interested and controlled and led them on. Populations, like individuals, often do their great life work in dreamy unconsciousness of their destiny and success.

Some on both sides have comprehended the bearings of this

contest, but the contending masses have not. While we thought it confined to our own harbors and rivers and gulfs, God has made it a tidal wave for the world, to set all the nations forward. While we made the battle as between North and South, God made it as between the old and the new, the earth over. It is one of those starts, steps onward, impetuses, that the nations get once in a while among the centuries, creating a general progressive movement all round.

We have made a pressure on chattel slavery, on oligarchy as dominating over the masses, on ignorance as cultivated and patronized by local governments, on monopoly of wealth as grinding the poor; and in the pressure we have succeeded in taking a step forward. We have taken it not for our people alone, but for all those peoples who are performing unrequited labor, and obeying laws they did not make, and groping in an ignorance they can feel only to yield to. So have we helped all needy populations to move forward a little, as when in a press and throng one step forward by those at the front is the signal and the opportunity for all to make a gain.

On these grand issues between two conflicting civilizations we have waged a stupendous war. It has been the old form of contract and the old price for civil rights: the shedding and paying of human blood. It is all very well to theorize about peace, and to preach peace, and as much as lieth in us to live peaceably with all men. Blessed are the peace makers. But it must needs be that offenses come. All the upward steps of civil and social right are marked with human blood. Somebody died for the gain. There is no single item in the British Constitution, or our own Bill of Rights, no great civil principle in our statutes, but men fought to secure it. The right of jury trial, of *habeas corpus*, of making your house your castle against all illegal entrance, of standing on your personal defense to the death, though the humblest man in the realm, and a thousand other rights as common and necessary and unnoticed by us as the air of heaven, each and all, could they tell their origin and growth to maturity and safety, would tell of spearmen, and archers, and mail clad cavalry; of matchlocks and broadswords, cannon and Sharpe's rifles. All our civil rights have had a most uncivil and bloody beginning. And it is a

singular fact that rarely a generation goes through life without seeing its government at war, renewing the bloody seal of its rights. It has been thought that our struggle might have been prevented. With the goodness of angels and the patience of God, perhaps so; but with our thirty millions of flesh and blood men, probably not. Moreover, there are some ideas that nothing but a battle field can clear up, and some others that nothing but a battle field can explode. Very like if a few scores of men had died thirty years ago, the war might have been postponed, perhaps indefinitely. But they lived, and to see half a million die.

The war itself was on a most stupendous scale. If we include all the men and munitions of war employed, the area of land and water covered, the time consumed, the number and character of the battles and the number of men who fell, we find no parallel to it in history. Europe has hardly room to manœuvre such armies, and can boast of few such battle fields. We shudder to think what a work of devastation and death we followed up for more than four years. Our excitement and intense determination at the time made us in a measure unconscious of what we were doing, and now as we look back we can hardly credit the reality. We fail to concede at first that those bloody fields and sieges and forts and marches, that are so to fill history, were really our own. Those prisons are as something we read of in the days of Herod, and those hospitals, and Christian and Sanitary Commissions belong to the age and literature of romance. But all this, and for so long a time, was ours. We wake up to the assurance that this is no dream. It is all a startling reality. We have had such a war, the like to which in magnitude no nation ever had before. We thank God most devoutly that it is ended.

When we reflect what vast interests were involved, we shudder to think how near at times we came to making a failure. Our form of government, as democratic, was on trial for the world. The continuance of the Union not only involved the continuance of our present government, but of any harmonious governments on our territory for long and painful years. Our failure would have left the American States a prey and a plundering ground to foreign nations. The civilization of the Western

continent would have received a mournful check for a century, and the hard governments, the low social order, the stagnation of the masses, and the intolerance of the aristocracies of Europe would have been forced on us.

Contemplating such results from the failure of the national arms, we appreciate our imminent, though at the time unknown peril, when, in the affair of the Trent, the English Cabinet were on the very point of recognizing the independence of the Confederacy, and of making demands for satisfaction in that affair by a heavy fleet at the capes of the Chesapeake. The French Emperor was more than ready to coöperate with his nation's traditional enemy in thus humbling and ruining an old and fast and powerful friend. But one quiet, energetic, persevering man in the English Cabinet was too much for Palmerston and Napoleon; and their gigantic crime of taking the life of a nation failed. To their perpetual regret they failed to recognize the independence of the Confederacy at the only time when they could have had any remote pretext for doing it, or hope of dismembering us by doing it. But for one man, the right man at the right time in the right place, by the hand of providence, we should have had foreign war added to the rebellion for perhaps twenty five years, and in the end a crippled and wasted if not broken and ruined government and Union.

This was the only real danger to our success. Let alone, we could give but one answer as to the end of the struggle. There were minor crises connected with single battles, campaigns and policies, but all these concerned only the lengthening or shortening of the war. They did not make the end doubtful.

Considering what issues were thrown into the war, we have no right to be surprised at its duration; nor has it exceeded prudent and unimpassioned forecastings that were made after the first blood was shed.

The results of the war are cause for gratitude to the God of armies beyond our most earnest anticipations. The integrity of our national territory has been preserved. No one can estimate the worth of that fact. Always it has been above price, though disloyal men have sometimes tried to weigh its worth in their small balances.

The idea of our nationality has been developed and vindica-

ted. The notion that we were so many separate, sovereign states, with a power of repulsion stronger than the power of attraction, with an independence superior, and if deemed best, hostile to federal relations, has been a notion vitiating to national citizenship and dishonorable and injurious in our international relations. The independency of the state in some things, with fealty to the nation in others, has never been well understood. The war has declared some points, if it has not expounded the Constitution and early national legislation; and though much yet remains in doubt, we rest in comfort in this result at least, that no state may of its own choice and motion go out of the Union. We have decreed, if not discovered, that the door of entrance into the Union is as a valve, opening but one way.

As the war grew out of a conflict of civilizations, it was natural and necessary that slavery, an institution of the dark past, should be put in danger. Being in the way it was removed, as war allows no obstacles, and civilizations no insuperable difficulties. It has been abolished, as a mountain is tunnelled that lies in the way of a projected railway. No result of the war lies up so on the surface, conspicuous and all engrossing. It is a marked incident in this great national and international movement of the Anglo-American race. In the step forward that we have taken, as a leading nation, it was inevitable that chattel slavery should be left behind. It does not allow of progress; it can not keep pace with the ages; it belongs to the past, to the times of a feeble Christianity, to an imperfect system of morals, a sluggish philanthropy, and to an inactive, ignorant condition of civil and social life. In a result so eminently moral in its essential features it would seem highly desirable for all parties concerned, that moral causes should work it. But as the civil, so often the moral forces retire before the military, and that is achieved by force which conscience, equity and divine truth should have done long before. In such case the moral work must follow, that should have preceded and produced the act.

With but faint conception of their new position, or of the magnitude of the new boon of liberty, four millions of freedmen yet know and feel enough to swell loud the anthem of

praise to God. And philanthropic, Christian hearts all through the land will exult and give thanks exceedingly that another relic of uncivilized and unchristian times has passed by, and will no longer be known in connection with our government, except as a grief and a blot in our history.

The war has also made a grateful revelation to us of our resources for defence. A great and prosperous people, minding our own business, we had not thought much of armies and navies. We inclined more to patronize Peace Societies. The world, therefore, was surprised, and ourselves probably as much as the most, that in so short a time we put two and a half millions of men in the field with all the material of war. Suspending somewhat other pursuits, and making war the main work for the time being, all our interior became as by enchantment a camp, and our borders a line of fortifications. We had no lack of men, able officers and valiant soldiers, and a navy that gave new lessons to the world in maritime warfare. We could feed, clothe, drill, transport, and take into action, forces that would have seemed fabulous to Napoleon even. Yet all the while our commerce whitened the seas, our shops, farms and factories returned the rewards of honest toil, while the arts of a cultivated life and the pursuits of peace hardly showed a ripple in their usual and even current. In all this we discovered that we could turn aside to a new and painful and necessary work, without checking the great flow of our national life. We have also discovered that our great armies, when no longer needed, can be quietly and speedily disbanded, and the men returned to private life. This sometimes has been a greater difficulty than to raise an army. Such a power is not always willing to be dissolved; and ambitious generals and demagogues are sometimes reluctant that it should be. It requires no small amount of intelligence and virtue and patriotism in a people to be a formidable army one day and private citizens the next.

Another important result of the war is the impression we have made on foreign nations. They had known our numbers, a little of our geography and resources, with but poor understanding of the nature of our government, and a strong conviction that in time of trouble our federal bond would be very slight over the States. The sudden appearance of so large armies

and they volunteers, of such discipline and efficiency, has confused foreigners. Our military resources surprise them. The strength of the federal power to use the States disappoints them. So in our war we have been a marvel and a confusion to them; and it has been with amazement that they have recently seen eight hundred and fifty thousand men leave the ranks by command, and retire to private pursuits. The consequence is that now to be an American abroad is to be a man who has a country, and government, and nationality. Long known to be progressive in peace, we are now seen to be formidable in war. We have now a reputation for warlike ability that has all the worth, with but a tithe of the cost of a heavy army and navy. We are now able to make as well as interpret international law, and like the other leading powers, to form precedents when we can find none to our liking.

It is to be devoutly desired that this discovery of our warlike ability, and now eminent position among leading powers, may not make us vain and rash and provoking in our international relations. We do not need a foreign war for our honor. We can afford to simply remember some things, while we bend all our energies to remove our debt and develop peacefully the resources of our domain. Changes abroad will invite a settlement of rankling claims, when we can do it more to our liking and credit and advantage.

But sad memories come up from our victorious past. We can not shut out from our retrospect and survey of successes those terrible battle fields, and the yet ungathered dead of many of them. Our hearts go exploring hospitals, where many dear to us oozed their life out at ghastly wounds, or sickened and died of toil and want and disease. Horror, and loathing, and intense indignation, and incensed justice move us to and fro, as we think of rebel prisons, that swallowed up our true men like the insatiable maw of death, regardless alike of the rules of war, the principles of Christianity, and the kinder impulses of a common humanity.

And while the nation was recently holding jubilee, what household was there untouched by sorrowful remembrances of kindred or friend? How many families were under the deep baptism of loss and loneliness and grief? In vain they waited for the step

that never had failed them at the family gathering. They gave thanksgiving to God for the deliverance and uplifting of their country, but it was with tremulous utterance when they looked on their own desolation and considered the price.

Nor is it altogether joy when we consider the deliverance of those in bonds. True they are out of Egypt but they are not yet in Canaan. There is yet but little pleasant relation or hopeful feeling between them and their former masters, while the two classes are mutually if not absolutely dependent on each other. They are yet a prey to hate and prejudice, ignorance, unthrift, and cold and famine. We are told officially by the Freedmen's Bureau that without immediate aid thirty thousand will perish in Georgia alone and forty thousand more in Alabama.

Our rejoicing and theirs for their deliverance must be modified somewhat by our anxious anticipations. For the problem of the last thirty years is likely to be the problem of the next thirty in this country. The ignorance, passions, prejudices and traditional antipathies of both races are to be conceded and grappled with as the stern facts of the problem. Doubtless our philanthropy and Christianity, as a nation, are adequate to the imposing labor. What we will most need, and perhaps be least willing to give, will be time. Force has carried the freedmen forward to their nominal liberty. To maintain and enjoy that gift, social and moral forces must now have time to overtake the military and adjust the two parties to their new relations and duties. And not till these are amicably adjusted by the parties themselves will the act of emancipation be practically complete. Our work as Christians and the work of the government will not be done till good civil and neighborly feeling has been developed and established between them. Military edicts, Congressional legislation and prescribed and exacted State laws may somewhat aid this. But duties and relations that are mainly social and moral can not be ordered and legislated into being and force. They must be a growth, and that is a work of time. And the length of time requisite to work the necessary social, civil and moral changes will try our patience, and perhaps our theories. Two civilizations, two ideas of government, and two grades of society are yet strug-

gling for the mastery in the South. Our hands are providentially set to this work, and we must not relax. Though the war is over the work is not; and while we look some to legislation, we must look more to moral forces to finish it. It is both vain and wrong for any to urge that they foresaw this oppressed and perishing condition of the freedman and this hostility of the white man to him when free, and warned against it, and so are exempt from aiding him. We must accept facts and results. A common evil is on us, a common work is demanded and a common good promised. We are to work out the national problem, no matter who so stated it. The events of the times present it, and we must deal with it. Doubtless to work it as a Christian, a social, and a civil problem combined, is to succeed. Thus labored it must be a success. Nor ought the government with any hasty acts to withdraw its hand from this work. Having lifted up and set forward three millions into nominal freedom, it is obligated not only not to withdraw its hand, but to find and use legitimate means to make that freedom a reality. So far as the negro question was an issue in the war by act of the government, it is not yet settled by the government. The hearing is simply adjourned from Bull Run and Richmond to Washington.

While we labor under the thought that the work is great, the elevation of an oppressed race, we may remember that equity, an unfolding Christianity, a progressive civilization, and the spirit of the times are with us as allies. Emancipation, in the form in which it came, was but the beginning of the work. The end of slavery thus, was the opening of the enterprise to elevate a race. Providence has given us a work that will test our philanthropy and call out our Christianity, as no national enterprise ever did before. But to have done such a work and look back on its consummation will be ample reward for all toil and sacrifice.

A glorious and at the same time dangerous future is now before us. Other honors and perils than those connected with the freedmen await us. The resources of the country are beyond all precedent or estimate. They are therefore a vast power for good or ill, according as the moral worth of the people is high or low. We exult in an undivided territory and

of vast extent. Yet its very extent constitutes one of our dangers. The different sections have different and conflicting interests, as the maritime, the agricultural, the mining, the cotton, and the sugar growing. Each of these departments wants a favoring, a protecting legislation, which can be granted only through injury to the others. So have we national and natural tendencies to sectionalism and separation, arising from our vastness of territory. The safety of a government runs very much with lines of latitude, or east and west, because so it is more likely to have a sameness of interest. The dangers of a government run with the lines of longitude, because so it gets a wider range of interests in different climates, and these work a kind of natural disunion.

But as the war brought to the light and service able generals and commodores, who carried us successfully through the conflict of arms, so we doubt not the demands of the hour will bring forward statesmen, as broad and varied in their gifts and abilities for public service, as are our public domain and its interests. We have men, we think, who can take up this nation and turn it in their statesman hands and look at its four sides at once, and then balance it around a common good. We have sectional statesmen. We also have national statesmen, and so we are looking forward to an honorable, prosperous and glorious future. The providence of God in the successes of the past, and our present good condition, make us much more than hopeful.

ARTICLE VII.

ÆSTHETIC RELIGION.

WHEN the Psalmist exclaimed, "Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary," he struck upon two correlated ideas that are continually meeting us. Thus, applied to literature, they give us those two great departments, the solid and the imaginative; in the arts, they are represented by the useful and the ornamental; and in nature they come to view again, in the continual

blending of things valuable for the practical purposes of life, with others agreeable to the senses or exalting to the sensibilities. Even in the original constitution of the human family these two thoughts found expression, the man being made from the dust, well knit and strong, while the woman was fashioned from choicer material, and after a more elegant pattern.

This twofold conception applies to religion. Strength and beauty are in the sanctuary. They stand in the walls and look down from the ceiling of every well built house of worship; they appear in the ordering of every well arranged public service; and they are braided together in the doctrines we receive, like the opposite colors in the cords of the tabernacle, or the inwrought purple and gold that curtained the most holy place.

And where things are set in their proper order, "strength" always comes first, and "beauty" afterward. Even in our worldly affairs, it will be admitted that what is useful should take precedence of what is merely entertaining; while in religion, as all must allow, truth should be held at a higher price than the mere drapery it wears, and life, reality and power set above all pageantry and pomp whatsoever. Sometimes, however, this order is practically inverted. Men become so enamoured of beauty as to introduce it into the sanctuary for its own sake; and all else that needs to go with it is either kept out of sight, or else brought in to set that off. Ornament is put before use; form takes the ascendancy of spirit; and a kind of worship grows up, in which all outward proprieties are well arranged indeed, but in which solid doctrine and serious practice have very small place.

It would not be unsafe perhaps to say that there is some tendency toward such a misarrangement at the present day. It comes out here and there in the style of church architecture that is indulged; it is found in a fashion of church music somewhat cultivated; it sometimes reveals itself in the sermons we hear; and it is particularly manifest in the many things that are said, where once it would have been least expected, of the agreeableness and desirableness of a prepared form of service.

The object of inquiry in this article therefore will be, how these two elements, strength and beauty, are to be adjusted; what their relative position is to be in a public service; and

what their respective bearing is upon the intensely practical work of a minister of Christ. This inquiry will open the whole subject of *Æsthetic Religion*, and will put it in contrast with the religion which is practical; it will give us side by side, the religion of beauty, and the religion of power.

I. *The Religion of Beauty.* What have we to do with our subject, taken from the side of tasteful arrangements and elegant proprieties? That we can not altogether exclude such things is obvious. Within certain bounds they may be employed with good effect. God has given us a sense of the fitness of things to which he himself is perpetually ministering, and which it is right to gratify to a certain extent, even in the immediate affairs of his worship. There is no objection to be made to the embodying of a religious conception even in a pure work of art; it may rather be taken as one of the fine tributes which Christianity has won from the better side of human nature, that the noblest monuments of this kind of genius have been wrought out from Christian themes.

A proper indulgence of our sense of the beautiful even in the homely round of common life has its uses. It helps to make our every day work something of a pleasure as well; it weaves a golden selvedge on the web of honest toil; it decks the cabin door with paint, and the wall with a picture or two; and by such little devices it beguiles our weary way, and carries to the heart of the worn worker a sense of home. And as to the introduction of the same element into our religious affairs, we may not only defend it upon the general ground of its naturalness and usefulness, but also upon express divine authority. One portion of the service of the sanctuary, the music, stands almost exclusively in this realm; nor will it ever be possible to rule out from our Christian assemblies these appeals to our sense of the agreeable, until we have either abrogated the exhortation to sing unto the Lord, or else fallen into a fashion of singing never contemplated by the Psalmist and the Apostles. God designs public worship to present some attractions for unspiritual minds; music is one of these among others; and as we clearly see from what he does, that God himself delights in outward beauty, so it can certainly do no harm to bring something of that quality with our public offering, in addition to the always

grand requisite, "the beauty of holiness." Some preaching may be done in this way, not as rendering other preaching unnecessary, but as pleasantly collocated with it in a subordinate relation. Lessons of faith and hope have more than once been powerfully uttered by the silent marble, and charity and love have beamed on the soul in the glowing colors of the canvas. It is true that this is, for the work of saving men's souls, an inferior kind of preaching; but it can reach some men's hearts better than almost anything else; and under its gentle tuition the way may be prepared perhaps for the more regenerative instrumentality. The proper teaching of religion may even border upon the dramatic at times; for what else are the very sacraments of the church but a simple scenic representation of those truths we most need to lay to heart: "Take, eat, this is my body"!

It would not therefore be well to divorce our religious services from these appeals to the imagination and the æsthetic susceptibilities, even if that were possible; but, it is not possible unless we expunge something from human nature, and something from the Bible as well. The endeavor should be, simply to keep things in their proper order: Truth the queen, and Art the beautiful handmaid waiting upon her, the queen herself on the throne, and the handmaid kneeling at her feet. It is only the reversing of this order to which objection is here made, that turning of things upside down in which it becomes more an object to present our services in good taste than either to please God or save men.

It is one of the common evils of this misarrangement, that the feeling awakened by art alone is mistaken for the genuine sentiment of the renewed mind. It plays off a counterfeit; men are deceived by it as they could not be were the Gospel set before them in greater simplicity. Where one's mind is greatly exalted, whether by some work of art, or by some overpowering natural scenery, he easily glides into a sort of religious fervor, expressing himself in terms borrowed from the vocabulary of Christian worship. And if an appeal is made to the same class of sensibilities through some service of religion itself, the delusion is often complete. The long drawn aisle and fretted roof, the pealing organ and the dim religious light, are elements

which, with a few accessories, are capable of being wrought up into an almost overpowering appeal; and yet, as any one can see, it would be an appeal quite separate from the conscience, from repentance, and from faith in the Redeemer of men. Persons with as little of the Gospel in their hearts as any that ever lived, have occasionally developed a susceptibility to religious impressions of this sort that has been quite remarkable. Byron could write poetry on scriptural themes, and sometimes wrote it well; and there are passages even in his worst productions, that shine out like letters of gold amid the mingled smut and gall in which he commonly dipped his pen. And there was poor Shelly too—what shall we call him? Atheist or madman?—who now and then had his religious feeling greatly wrought upon, and dashed off lines that a prophet might have written.

Now it is just such feeling that goes with many people for genuine worship, repentance, faith and love, those solid and essential qualities, to which the art arrangements of religious service should be always tributary, being put quite in the background. The sensibilities are moved, but the conscience is not purged, there is enough of sentiment, or perhaps it were better to say sentimentalism, but the will is not subdued, nor the life set right, nor the heart turned to God. The world is growing full of Christians made in that way, a living illustration of the fact that some things are "made in vain."

The inversion of the divine order of the two elements in question also degrades our holy faith. Where the outward becomes the leading thought, the inward and the spiritual are of course somewhat neglected; and the outward *is* a leading thought wherever a sense of dramatic propriety, or of literary refinement, or of architectural magnificence, is any way taken for religious feeling. In such a case, the question asked by the preacher will be, not so much how to convict men of sin, but how to give a happy expression to some fine thought or theme; and as to the other parts of service, the prayer and praise, the one will naturally settle into a studied propriety without the slightest gush of feeling, while the other will be wrought up on pure artistic principles, till it is as incomprehensible to the mass of the worshippers, as if performed in an unknown tongue. What should be worship will become acting,

only it will be very poor acting because it will be so excessively unnatural. It sometimes really seems as if a Christian assembly were ashamed of the old cross, and were seeking to wrap it round with a garniture which should conceal its plainness. It is as if we had erected that symbol, not in its own sublime simplicity, or garlanded with some pleasant flowers which the hand of love had twined upon it, but decked and bedizzened with all fantastic trumpery, till you could not guess whether it were a cross at all. The ministry of the beautiful in worship is changed to a ministry for the worship of the beautiful; the finger-post that should point our way to the celestial city, arrests our steps and becomes our shrine; and we fall into much the condition described by the imperial ambassador who said, as he was falling asleep during service at St. Petersburg: "Won't you wake me up when they come to the subject of God."

This *Æsthetic Religion* also reveals a remarkable affinity with certain low views of practical godliness. You always lose an important safeguard of personal righteousness, when you dull a man's sense of sin, or his sense of the justice of God; nor does it make the case any better that this dulness is produced as it may be, by a too exclusive cultivation of a perfectly legitimate element of the true faith. Where the elegant proprieties of public service are put too prominently forward, religion sometimes stands arrayed in vestments so elaborately wrought and thickly folded, as to leave nothing but the dress for your admiration; and, indeed, when her cheek grows pale, and her form wasted by neglect, these dashy ornaments are usually the more piled on, as if on purpose to conceal the growing evil. Let a man lose his spirituality of mind, and yet be obliged to conduct a public service, and he most naturally betakes himself to prepared forms, and an impressive ceremonial. That covers his imperfection, and is the same in all kinds of weather; that encourages him with the notion of communion with God, when all real communion has been broken off; and thus his mind is kept in a happy delusion which a single breath of extemporaneous exercise would scatter.

And these things, which are so naturally resorted to by men already in a state of spiritual degeneracy, reveal other peculiarities of the same general character. What is taken up as a

covering for the evil is often equally a cause of it. On this point we have several very eminent historical examples. The case of the ancient covenant people is one of these. For such a people as the Hebrews, something entertaining, dramatic, showy, sensuous, was quite in place; for they were not only an oriental race but a primitive one, with much of the taste and habit of childhood. So God directed for them a liturgical service. It was set forth, however, under the most careful restrictions, and with the expectation constantly before them, that they should outgrow it by and by, and come up to a worship much more simple and spiritual. And yet with this expectation and with these safeguards, the liturgy at length entangled them. Those splendid forms drew off their attention from the spirit which they embodied; the corruption began early and spread wide; the soul of religion forsook the beautiful body that had been prepared for it, and like a corpse in ballroom apparel, there lay the dead church, going fast to corruption, with all that magnificent vesture on, the patterns of which were worn in heaven. Perhaps that gorgeous ceremonial was not the sole cause of corruption among the Jews; but it has been well noticed, how closely that ancient people have been followed with respect to deterioration and decay, by those professedly Christian communions, which have also most closely copied their religious forms.

It is not necessary, perhaps, to linger at greater length on this side of our subject. The tendencies of an *Æsthetic Religion* will be more clearly perceived by taking up a contrast. Let us place over against it, therefore,

II. The Religion of Power. There is strength in the sanctuary; and there is a kind of religion in the world, of which strength is the foremost feature. Something of strength is found in the *Æsthetic Religion*. There have been systems of paganism even, which by their pomp and pageantry, have swayed the populace almost at will; and, where the same things have been skilfully combined with certain elements of the Christian faith, the effect has been quite astonishing. The religion of art forms has usually a vast amount of worldly wisdom to aid it, the children of this world lending to it those qualities in which they have always shown themselves superior

to the children of light. It is the state religion, where there is any such; and where there is not, it affects to be. It allies itself prudently with political power; it seeks precedence in clerical processions and at government institutions; it calls upon Governors to change their proclamations for Thanksgiving Days, and upon Presidents to modify their appointments for fasting and prayer. This is not a powerless religion. The greatest power the world ever witnessed was once wielded by it. Using such facilities as were within its control, the *Æsthetic Religion* once went up to a standing place where it uncrowned kings at its pleasure; where it put whole provinces under ban; and where emperors stood all night barefoot at its door. We admit that liturgical forms and outward glories have been associated with great power; but it was not power of that kind which a true Christianity wields. There is a religion which not only rules men, but converts them; there is a religion that puts God's law into the mind and unites it in the heart; and with that kind of religion, all outward forms and dazzling glories are either made to contribute to the spiritual improvement of mankind, or are sent off from the field as camp followers that cumber the march.

One of the most prominent characteristics of such a religion is its respect for doctrine. The doctrines are the same to the Christian system, that the bones are to the human body, or the timbers to a ship. They form a solid framework, on which to build. If they are taken from the system, stripped of their appropriate covering, and presented in dry skeleton outline, they minister very little to either strength or beauty; and a great mistake has been made sometimes in the preaching of the doctrines by setting them forth in this uninviting and unspiritual way. But, when doctrine is put forward in living form, when it puts on flesh and blood and is animated with a living soul, it stands firm against all assaults, and goes forth to the noblest conquests. A man is fit for no work with his bones unjointed; neither can a ship battle successfully with a storm if its timbers hang loosely together. So neither can the church bear the shock and strain of her many encounters, unless she keeps the articles of her faith well bolted the one to the other. Take these away, and she is a spineless mass of pulp and poetry,

fit enough to be passed over into the hands of the "doll's dress maker," and to be played with by big children who must be kept out of mischief on Sunday, but absolutely good for nothing for either work or war.

And hence it will be observed that it is a characteristic of the religion of æsthetic proprieties and liturgical services, always to put the doctrines in a low place. This indeed is unavoidable; for doctrine is stiff and unyielding; in some of its aspects quite refusing to accommodate itself to the line of beauty; and here and there presenting some very angular forms. Doctrine appeals first to our sense of sin and our sense of God, treating our sense of the beautiful as a very subordinate consideration. It does not work in well therefore with a religion of art forms and ceremonial glories. For that, something more flexible is needed; such a religion is better served by gothic arches and painted windows, by intoned responses and flowing vestments; and if anything more is wanted, a step further on you will come to the candles and crosses, the censers and the beads and the bells.

Hence it will be found true, as a matter of history, that whenever it is attempted to work up Christian worship as one of the fine arts, doctrine declines. The church of Rome, which probably presents the most perfect illustration of the ascendancy of the æsthetic in religion, which the world ever saw, equally illustrates the utter abandonment of the doctrines of the Gospel, by any people calling themselves Christians. That great communion, intent upon her pictures and processions, turns her back upon the Bible and cries out against the article of justification by faith, "Anathema! Maranatha"! And every attempt to follow her upon this career of outward forms, though it be only to follow her half way, results proportionally in the same neglect. A church that bases herself chiefly upon her liturgical performances, may have her articles of faith indeed, but it will make no difference whether they number "Thirty nine" or thirty nine hundred; for she will be as unsettled in doctrine, as if she had expunged the whole from her prayer-book. In all her readings, which will be many, there will be no reading of "The Articles"; and her preaching will be quite as much in defiance as in defence of them. Such a

church, beside presenting to the world along with much that is good, the strangely agglomerated "Calvinistic creed, Arminian clergy, and Popish ritual"; may raise up "Essayists and Reviewers" to wield their pens against the credibility of the New Testament miracles, and quite possibly turn out a missionary bishop or two who will write down the "Five Books of Moses"! In other communions, individual cases of apostasy may occur; but it takes a liturgical union to go over boldly against her own Articles, and to give us avowed infidels in the "Apostolic Succession."

Now when we remember that doctrine is but another name for truth, we see how great a power æsthetic religion must always sacrifice; for there is nothing so mighty, and especially so mighty against opposition as truth. To use a homely illustration, taken at second hand, "truth is like a snow-ball"; if you create a genial atmosphere around it, the first you know it will perhaps have melted out of sight; but when you see its enemies casting it out into the cold, you have nothing further to fear for it. One good frosty night would make it as hard as a diamond; and if some one in a rage shall now endeavor to kick it out of the world, you shall see it rolling up volume as it goes; till, reaching some great precipice prepared for it by Providence, it shall thunder down with all the weight of an avalanche. Such a truth has been making such a leap quite lately in our country, and the earth yet vibrates with the mighty concussion.

And when you take up not one truth, but many such, and combine them into one of those creeds which a late convention manifested so natural a fear of, you have still greater power. Union is strength, and the solid doctrines of a well digested system, like the several plates of a galvanic battery, generate a force by contact, which can not be found in any of them alone. The religion, therefore, that would be strong, must rib itself round with a consistent statement of doctrine.

Such a religion alone can fully avail itself of the power of the pulpit. Where doctrine is put out of sight, the pulpit has really very little of value to work upon; and the result is that in such communions it is made little account of. "The Service! The Service! The Beautiful Service!" cry the admiring crowd; and our Lord's command to go into all the world and preach,

is quite omitted from the record. Corresponding to this assignment of an inferior place to preaching, you will find certain peculiarities in the church architecture of the liturgical sects. In the great Romish churches of Europe, the little receptacle designed for the preacher might be sought after by a Protestant for some time before he found it; and when he found it, he might be in doubt for what use it was intended. It is glued up against the wall in a corner; or it hangs like a bird's nest from a single pillar—in which act there is the clearest æsthetic propriety. It is said that in a large portion of the Greek church there is no preaching at all, the entire dependance being placed upon the liturgical forms. And there is another church, neither Romish nor Greek, though recently revealing some strong affinities for the latter, in which it is quite often insisted that people will never do well till they cease to go up to the sanctuary "to hear sermons." Indeed, considerable anxiety is manifested at times, lest the pulpit should be made too prominent when we convene for Sabbath service. Perhaps it may. Perhaps we do not pay the attention we ought to the other exercises of the sanctuary. Most ministers could make some improvement in the public reading of the Scriptures or even in the giving out of a hymn; a large number would do well to prepare themselves more thoroughly for leading their congregations in the service of prayer; and it need not be denied that some exercises might be introduced into many congregations with decided profit, which would seem to certain people half liturgical. This, however, is nothing to the purpose as affecting the question of preaching the Word. Let us bring the other exercises up if need be, but let us not bring that down; and let us take care not to allow the impression to prevail too inconsiderately, that preaching is in any sense an inferior exercise to prayer and praise. Our Saviour did not so reckon it when he gave out the great commission; nor did the apostles so treat it in the fulfillment of their work. "Go ye into all the world and preach," were their marching orders; and right well did they execute the command. We do not just now remember of an instance in which Paul is said to have "read service," or in which Peter "intoned the prayers." Trace these men where you will, among the wild men of Lycaonia, in the Jewish synagogues,

or among the cultured Greeks at Athens itself, it is all one thing. They are known and heard from as preachers; and in that character do they exert their great power for the Christian faith. Will not some one be so kind as to tell us where the notion came from that prayer and praise are more serious, more important, more acceptable to God than preaching the Word? Is it nobler, wiser, better, more becoming, in us poor sinners, to always stand talking to God; or would it be as reverent and appropriate, sometimes to sit reverently down and wait to hear what he, by his appointed instrumentality, would say to us? God is great, and we do well to adore him; but he has something to say to us by the arrangement for preaching, and it is wise and well for us thoughtfully to attend upon it. Talk of bringing down the pulpit to a lower standard in such an age as this? of paying less attention to the very thing our Saviour set his ambassadors to do? You would damage the church beyond all estimate by such a movement. Satisfy this thinking American people with "reading service"; this people, so intense and eager in everything else, with elegant proprieties and imposing ceremonies? We have outgrown all that; those are the clothes that children wear. The only way to bring down the pulpit is to put men into it who will not study and who can not preach—and when any denomination has pretty extensively applied that remedy already, *their* anxiety on the subject ought to be quieted. The world needs truth, strong, doctrinal truth, brought forth with all the energy of a heart in love with it, and with all the effectiveness of eloquent speech. "Go, teach all nations," saith the Lord, and that church best fulfills its mission that adheres most closely to these terms.

That kind of religion, of which strength rather than beauty is the leading element, also has upon it the mark of purity. It is the nature of corruption to produce weakness. When it invades the human body it unfits one for work; and when it prevails in the church, her strength and her influence depart, and even her courage gives way. As a general rule it will also be observed, that a church is guarded against corruption by sound doctrine. "Sanctify them through thy truth," said our Saviour; and sound doctrine applied by faithful preaching to all the concerns of life certainly makes men better. Thus it happens that whenever we

find any considerable reformation of manners and morals in the church, we find a reformation of doctrine as well. That great movement of the sixteenth century, which we call the Reformation by preëminence, furnishes a very striking illustration of this statement, the new church springing forth from the embrace of the old harlot, the instant she caught sight of the long lost doctrine of justification by faith. And it was exactly the same, when a little later, there went out such an exodus from the church of England. The Puritan movement was as doctrinal as the great Reformation had been: bringing out into special notice those "knotty points" of theology, by which the Calvinistic system is chiefly known. Those sturdy men contended as earnestly for the "faith once delivered unto the saints," as for a more decent mode of life among Christians and Christian ministers. People call them Puritans: it was the very name they deserved; and they wore it till their virtues made it honorable.

It may be objected, however, that in other cases, strictness of doctrine has been associated with a much less orderly conduct. It may be said that the higher toned of two theologies has sometimes given quite the fainter utterance against some practical ungodliness; and that men who would excise whole synods for a formula, have been ready enough to hold in fellowship those who practiced oppression upon their fellow-men. It is not necessary for our present purpose to deny these statements; human nature is a singularly inconsistent thing even when partly sanctified; yet it will generally be found, that where the strong doctrine and loose practice are thus joined together, either the doctrine has been a little over stated, so as not to leave it in its best form, or else there has been some neglect in the application of it by preaching, to the practical issues of life. It is nothing new for men to entertain a traditional veneration for a creed from which the vitality has departed; neither is it strange for them to insist vehemently upon a doctrine whose plainest practical inferences they quite ignore. We have had some rich experience here in times but just gone by. One of the doctrines upon which as Americans and Protestants we have always insisted, has been the right of every human being to have access to the Bible. On scarcely any one point has our feeling been

more united and outspoken ; and we have rallied the Romanists on the subject until we have obliged them to deny their own principles. And yet, it is scarcely four years, since the preacher who was bold enough to apply this doctrine to the case of some four millions of people among us, most of whom were forbidden by law even to learn to read this Book, took large risk of being branded as a fanatic, if he were not indeed held up through the newspapers, as one who "preached politics"! Some ten or fifteen years ago a great interest was suddenly awakened upon the question of the unity of the human species. It started with some statements of Prof. Agassiz, in which he was thought to contradict the Mosaic record ; and the religious press as well as the pulpit very appropriately undertook to show that "Adam was the father of us all." Yet who can have forgotten how much wisdom and courage it needed at that time calmly to go on and say, that if we all had one father, we certainly ought to stop buying and selling one another? That species of heresy raised a louder outcry than the other. So there we were, with medicine enough to cure the disease that was in the church, and the same carefully bottled and labelled, but nobody cured because it was not put upon the sore. We brought out our phial once a week, and shook it up, and said what a grand remedy it was for all the sins and woes of men, and then put it back again. There were some who attempted to do better, but they were not all skilful men, and the patient always objected to the treatment, and most of the doctors said it was wrong. It can scarcely be doubted that if from the time the first slave-ship was landed on our shores, the Gospel had been faithfully applied to the sin of oppression, the evil would either have been entirely removed by a peaceful process, or would at least have been so restrained as never to have ventured on treason, rebellion and war. There was power enough in the truth to have disposed of this evil, but it was power not well applied to the case in hand. There is healing efficacy in the doctrines, but through our negligence or rashness in the handling of them, their best effects are sometimes lost.

It remains only to notice that the religion of power is distinguished from the æsthetic kind, by a certain spiritual life kindled in the soul. Christianity is not a mere doctrinal faith, nor

does it entirely consist of doctrines applied to needed reforms. It involves a work upon the heart, a religious experience, the personal enjoyment of the love of God. Without this, doctrine is a dry skeleton, reforms are unsuccessful and unsafe, the grandest ceremonial is but a whited sepulchre. This spiritual life is susceptible of being combined, to a considerable extent, with art-forms and pleasant arrangements; and in quiet times it often turns them to a good purpose. But should they be lifted above their proper sphere, and should some emergency arise at the same time demanding more of vigor than of polish, it will cast all such ornamentations one side, and go forth to its work in the severest simplicity. In all periods of great awakening, the reforming party in the church has developed a tendency to lay aside mere ceremonial, much as a man takes off his coat when he takes hold of some hard work. Set formulas of worship, shaping everything to a settled propriety, constitute a kind of fair weather arrangement, under which to sit when the sea runs smooth, but when there comes a storm they must be folded up and laid away. A man who has come to some great soul struggle, such as Jacob had when he wrestled all night with the covenant angel, gets beyond his rubric; and the Syrophenician mothers, carrying to God their heavy burdens, find the prayer-book insufficient for the occasion. No really earnest soul will consent to be always shackled by prescribed forms.

Hence where such forms are made much account of, clung to, gloried in, you will find people commonly opposed to all earnest religious movements. In periods of reformation, the æsthetic religion takes sides against the reform; and when the Holy Ghost is poured out from on high and sinners are turning to God, its clergy with but few exceptions will stand in solid rank against the movement, lifting up their white hands in holy horror at the shocking irregularities of the occasion, preaching pretty sermons against religious excitements, and picking up the converts that have been so badly made, not excluding a great many who would have been rejected by the other communions. The grand duke Constantine once said of his soldiers; "I do not like war: it dirties their uniform!" For the

same reason the æsthetic religion does not like revivals, they ruin her lawns and laces.

The fate of these liturgical performances, in active times, has been singularly uniform. Witness, first, the introduction of Christianity into the world. The Jewish faith, out of which the later system was developed, had been embodied in a beautiful ceremonial; and as every particular of the ancient order had been prescribed upon divine authority, it might well have been expected that it would be continued under the new dispensation. But it turned out far otherwise; the new life which our Saviour infused into the old system proved the complete destruction of the ritual service. The religion of Christ had no sooner attained to a distinct individuality, than its spirit expanded quite beyond the capacity of the ancient enclosure. The old shell, smoothed so beautifully, and mottled with scarlet and gold, was too small; it split straight through; it fell off right and left; and the new evangel taking wings, soared above the hollow ruin, as different an object in all outward appearance from the Jewish body out of which it sprung, as from those heathen systems, upon which it went forth to make war. The church once fairly organized flung out her banner with this inscription: "Neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature!"

Just so it was again when the church herself needed reforming. As her love grew cold, and the zeal of primitive times passed away, she had more and more availed herself of a settled ritual. For a dying faith it was found congenial and convenient in many ways. And the trappings were multiplied as the spiritual decay went on, until there was little else to be found. There was some protest against this very early; and at an early day some separation from it; but the evil increased until that great uprising in which Luther and Melancthon, Zwingle and Farel called forth the Lord's people from the mystic Babylon. And the tendency was, wherever that movement was felt, to break away from the ancient forms. In England, however, an attempt was made to save what was being so rudely cast off, at least so much of it as was not positively evil, and having put it in the vernacular of the country, to animate it with the rising spirit of the times. Nothing could seem more prudent; and

yet this arrangement produced almost immediate discontent. Those stately ceremonies and imposing forms, carefully as they had been revised, yet had the odor of the old abomination about them; and had they been ever so pure, they were unsuited to the wants of earnest men. Time, which allays so many discontents, therefore only made this matter worse. Authority was then interposed to put down the rising feeling, and that of course aggravated it. At last, as might have been expected, the crisis came; and in one day two thousand brave men who had fought the battle of the cross went out from their livings in the establishment, not knowing whither they went. Thus was Puritanism brought into the world: a movement from its very inception making protest against the æsthetic religion, and to this day wonderfully illustrating the power there is in the Gospel of the Son of God.

This exodus did not leave much life in the house whence it came out, but the little it did leave proved tenacious and productive. In due season, therefore, another secession occurred in almost precisely the same manner. A large party, of whom the Wesleys were the representatives, were awakened to a desire for a more spiritual religion. They had no thought of casting off the old forms, much less of coming out from the old church; and even when their congregations began to form by themselves, they only called them "societies," still indulging the pleasant illusion that they were not a separate body, but should soon be able to kindle up a soul beneath those ribs of death. But they found they had raised a spirit they could not control. God took the issue out of their hands. The result was inevitable. As the power of the Gospel began to be felt, all set forms and liturgical services became distasteful, the awakened multitude surged up against those restraints like the ocean waves against a crumbling cliff. The very idea at last became absurd. A warm Methodist praying from a book; shouting "glory" according to prescribed form; answering "Amen" only where it came in course; going off with the "power" at a convenient pause in the services! It would not do: the living force could not be so "cabined, cribbed, confined." It came out from the grand old temples where it was born, and took to the cross roads and open fields. Then, it cast off almost every vestige

of mere ornament, the reform in that respect extending even to personal apparel. A Methodist was as well known in those times by his plain coat as by his religious zeal; his place of worship was as innocent of the sound of bell and organ, as it was marked by often less melodious voices; and the movement of that day stood forth to view in rugged grandeur, like a naked mountain peak newly thrown up against the sky, and still hot and hissing with the fires that gave it birth.

Such have been those great reformations, one and all, that arrest the eye as victory-marks along the track of the church of Jesus Christ. Their uniform tendency has been to burst away from those artistic forms and splendid ceremonies in which a dying faith always arrays itself. Sometimes, by a reaction more natural than excusable, they have proclaimed war on all religious art. But this there has always been about them. They have rescued and defended the truth; they have borne the world onward in the direction of purity; and they have been marked by power. Such movements, from their earnestness, are somewhat impetuous also; and being impetuous, they become to a great extent extemporaneous as well. There is no time at any rate to dally with tinsel, nor patience to submit to perpetual routine. The voice of such an age is, "This one thing I do." There is a truth to establish, a sin to kill, an abuse to reform; and the word of God is shut up like fire in men's bones. Art must give way now before energy; embellishment before the impetus of the occasion; and all the mere æsthetic must wait upon the strength of the eternal God.

Those persons who at such times cling still to their elegant proprieties and liturgical arrangements generally stand upon the wrong side. The Church *Æsthetic* and the Church *Militant* go apart like the poles. The former harbors the corruption which the latter is seeking to remove; it grasps the sword if it can, and wields it against the brave men who are fighting in the Holy War; and the hungry souls who ask to be fed with the bread of life are turned off with processions, and pacified with parade. That religion which puts these æsthetic proprieties in their secondary place is opposite. If it sometimes wears a "raiment of camel's hair," when a more beautiful garment would be as serviceable, there is this at least to be said, that it

will not flinch from hard work. It has been in the past the kind of religion that has chiefly leavened the masses: it is the kind that has pressed close upon the heels of emigration, and been found first on the frontier: it is the kind that has followed our armies in the march, and knelt by our dying men upon the field. In such rough duties the prayer-book and the surplice have very small place. They come in at a later stage. When the pioneer work has been finished; when the forests have been chopped down and the fields cleared, and the seed sown; when the meadows are all green, and the pastures growing, then comes in the æsthetic religion. Tripping across the velvet turf in her silver slippers, spreading her tints upon the already regenerate soil, she says; "I am the church: I have the apostolic succession: how can you abide among such unfashionable people?"

Thus stand the two kinds of religion which it has been the aim of this article to discuss. The æsthetic religion commits no fault by associating worship with some gratification of our natural sense of the beautiful: its sin lies in reversing the order in which the two words, strength and beauty ought to stand. The Scripture terms are, strength first and beauty afterward. And in that Millennial consummation, for which we are laboring, we shall behold the perfect blending of the two. The church of the future rises upon our sight, "Fair as the morn," but not only or chiefly so: to this are added two things more: "clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." And so will it be in heaven. Those walls that flash their varied light of green and gold before our sight—great and high: those fair palaces of the saints—eternal in the heavens! Everything glorious, everything enduring; everything magnificent, everything substantial; everything beautiful, everything strong. And those words which we recite in God's earthly courts with pleasure, recalled amid the swelling chorus and the white-robed throng, will take on new meaning and impart new rapture to the soul as we shout; "Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary!"

ARTICLE VIII.

JOHN STUART MILL.

An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and of the Principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his Writings. By JOHN STUART MILL. Boston: William V. Spencer. Two Vols. 1865.

The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. By JOHN STUART MILL. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1865.

Dissertations and Discussions: Political, Philosophical and Historical. By JOHN STUART MILL. Three Vols. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1864.

A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive. By JOHN STUART MILL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865.

Westminster Review. April. Article: The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. July. Article: Later Speculations of Auguste Comte. By JOHN STUART MILL. New York: Leonard Scott & Co. 1865.

THE name of Mr. Mill, as a speculative and practical thinker upon government, society, metaphysics and morals, has gradually risen in prominence during the last twenty-five years, until he has become the foremost name in recent British philosophy. Born in 1806, he has now attained a ripe maturity, and his opinions may be considered as settled upon every subject concerning which he has published his views; while his position in England has been so popularly conceded, that his recent election to Parliament was easily carried under peculiar circumstances, by the weight of his personal character. He is now a recognized leader of the English Liberals; and perhaps the foremost thinker in Europe who has been largely indebted to the Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte.

The position from which he writes may be better understood if we turn to his personal history. His father was James Mill, a Scotchman, the author of the History of British India and the Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind, and the friend of Bentham and the Liberal school of thinkers whose

nucleus is the *Westminster Review*. John Stuart Mill was educated at home under these influences. In 1823, he took a clerkship in the India House of the East India Company, from which he rose through the intermediate grades of promotion until, in 1856, he was appointed the Examiner of Indian Correspondence, the post which his father had held before him. In these years he was a frequent contributor to the leading Reviews, editing the *London* and *Westminster Review* from 1835 to 1840, and even up to the present year its most regular and able contributor. The three volumes of his Dissertations and Discussions, are made up from these essays, first collected and published in London in two volumes in 1859; and so general was the demand for them in our own country that the republication, in 1864, has met with a large sale and given a new impulse to the circulation of all his works. His earliest work was the editing of Bentham's *Rationale of Judicial Evidence*, in 1827, to which he added notes and supplementary chapters. Up to 1835, he was a frequent contributor to the daily press on the side of advanced liberalism. The work, which first made him extensively known in England and here, was his *System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive*, published in 1843. Next came his *Principles of Political Economy* in 1848, and later his *Essay on Liberty*, his *Considerations on Representative Government*, his *Utilitarianism*; and now this present year the latest and most able of all his writings, his *Examination of the Philosophy of Sir William Hamilton and the Essays on Comte*. These volumes embrace a large range of discussion and include nearly every social problem. They are fearlessly yet temperately written, and carry weight because of the prevalent good sense which even in the highest reaches of speculation never deserts the author.

Mr. Mill is a psychological as distinguished from a retrospective thinker. He belongs to the school of Hobbes and Locke and Hume and Hartley and Thomas Brown and James Mill, "to those who hold that the belief in an external world is not intuitive but an acquired product," to those who claim that even the elements of consciousness can be resolved into the results of sensations and inseparable association. In morals, he is an utilitarian, denying an original moral sense, and claim-

ing the greatest happiness principle as the sufficient cause and motive for human conduct. In theology, so far as it is related to moral and speculative philosophy, his position is negative; he writes like an outsider; and his influence in this respect, as we shall attempt to show later on, is pernicious. He has taken up a single line of thought from the first, and never advancing beyond it, has pushed it with unrivaled keenness and logical force in every direction; and as he himself says of others we can say of him, that he is generally right in what he affirms, wrong in what he denies. He is very largely indebted, and he acknowledges it gratefully, to his father's *Analysis of the Mind*, though he is too acute a thinker not to avoid the baldness of the exclusive association theory. His co-thinkers, from whom he differs however on many points, are Alexander Bain and Herbert Spencer and George Henry Lewes. In recent days, this school has been putting forth unusual strength; and positively, it has done great good in drawing attention to the physical sciences, and in introducing a stricter method in the study of metaphysics. This method is the inductive. It owes its origin to Bacon, but was especially applied by Comte, in his *Positive Philosophy*, to the arrangement and classification of the sciences. But not entirely inductive; it is inductive until sufficient facts have been ascertained to establish general principles, and then deductive in the proof and vindication of them. The necessity of this method is strong upon this class of thinkers, because, denying that there are original *dicta* of consciousness from which our knowledge begins, and believing that our knowledge of mind and morals can be reduced to the simplicity and regular sequence of facts in physical science, everything depends upon the system by which truth is gained. It is a continual experiment. It is in this positive work that the chief value of this school consists. They simplify and reduce to principles the facts of mental science. Thus their method is constantly making advances into the realm of metaphysical entity, and reducing assumptions to principles grounded on fact. This is the only means of advance in these studies; and this method, used with more vigor by the intuitionists who have been inclined by the easy assumption of original principles to forbear strict analysis, will tend to narrow the realm of ignorance which Sir

William Hamilton makes us painfully conscious of in the human mind.

The work of the associationists therefore is largely systemization. This strikes one specially in Comte and Spencer, and Mr. Mill is even more the teacher of method than the others, since he was among the first to lay it down. Mr. Mill well states the work of all these thinkers, himself included, in laying down the basis of the Positive Philosophy of Comte.

"We have no knowledge of anything but Phenomena; and our knowledge of phenomena is relative, not absolute. We know not the essence, nor the real mode of production, of any fact, but only its relations to other facts in the way of succession or of similitude. These relations are constant; that is, always the same in the same circumstances. The constant resemblances which link phenomena together, and the constant sequences which unite them as antecedent and consequent, are termed their laws. The laws of phenomena are all we know respecting them. Their essential nature, and their ultimate causes, either efficient or final, are unknown and unscrutable to us."¹

This is not indeed original with Comte. "The conviction that knowledge of the successions and co-existences of phenomena is the sole knowledge accessible to us" has been held by all accurate thinkers. Mr. Mill says that "among the direct successors of Hume, the writer who has best stated and defended Comte's fundamental philosophy is Dr. Thomas Brown"; but this honor so generously given to another must now be claimed for Mr. Mill himself, whose recent exposition of the Positive Philosophy is unquestionably the ablest and the kindest statement it has ever had. This qualification must be always conceded to him, that he states accurately the position of another, whether he be friend or foe. Even when dealing his hardest blows at Sir William Hamilton, he always tries to be fair; and yet there is a mental obliquity, a want of imaginative perception or insight, which often causes him to just miss, and only that, the highest levels of speculation. What a mental philosopher needs quite as much as logical acuteness, is the power to adequately understand opposite modes of thinking. This Hamilton has far more than Mill. Bating this, and remembering that his central doctrine is the invariable uniformity of law, and that he never goes

¹ The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. pp. 7, 8.

beyond phenomena to *noumena*, save when his very reason and common sense compel him to in order to escape from the difficulties of his theory, his writings upon philosophy and morals have very high value as practically reducing to science and system things known. The excellence which he claims for Bentham, the method which he applied to the investigation of the truth of things established, is his in a deeper sense. His speculations upon morals seem to us of less value than anything else he has written, since they are vitiated by his theory. But to these in their order.

His claims as a metaphysician are but recently known through his criticism of Hamilton; and yet that work contains nothing which was not fully set forth in his *System of Logic*, twenty years before, so far as his own opinions go. To examine this work critically we have neither time nor space, but some general account of it is necessary. Its purpose is:

"To embody and systematize the best ideas which have been promulged on its subject by speculative writers, or conformed to by accurate thinkers in their scientific inquiries. Its originality consists in this: it is an attempt to cement together the detached fragments of a subject, never yet treated as a whole; to harmonize the true portions of discordant theories, by supplying the links of thought necessary to connect them, and by disentangling them from the errors with which they are always more or less interwoven."

Of the technical rules of logic, it says almost nothing; but dating from a familiar knowledge of these rules, it begins with a recasting of the old opinions upon names and propositions, and thence goes on to "generalize the modes of investigating truth and estimating evidence, by which so many important and recondite laws of nature have, in the various sciences, been aggregated to the stock of human knowledge." The concluding book, though his opinions are cropping out continually throughout the treatise, on the same topics, is the one which chiefly relates to our special purpose. It is a contribution, says Mr. Mill, "towards the solution of a question, which the decay of old opinions, and the agitation that disturbs European society to its inmost depths, render as important in the present day to the practical interests of human life, as it must at all times be to the completeness of our speculative knowledge: that is, whether

moral and social phenomena are really exceptions to the general certainty and uniformity of the course of nature; and how far the methods, by which so many of the laws of the physical world have been numbered among truths irrevocably acquired and universally assented to, can be made instrumental to the gradual formation of a similar body of received doctrine in moral and political science:" and he calls attention to Dr. Brown's treatise on Cause and Effect, since, in his opinion, that philosopher has taken a more correct view than any other English writer, on the subject of the ultimate intellectual laws of scientific inquiry. It is here that Mill becomes a Positivist, his object being identically the same as Comte's. He confines himself to the knowledge of phenomena as gained by observation and experience, and if he only stopped here it would be well enough; but, in his examination of Hamilton, he applies these weapons to the denial and the destruction of the only philosophy which grants to man the full power and scope of an intellectual being, since the explanation of all knowledge, as the product of association and experience, reduces the mind to a mere machine which does not act till set agoing by external means.

He thus stands out in deadly antagonism to Hamilton and the Scottish school in metaphysics, and by the very narrowness of his own philosophy is unable to appreciate Sir William's. In his Examination he gains an apparent advantage from cross-examining Hamilton, who, as his opinions changed, modified these largely, and thus laid himself open, in his entire writings, to the charge of inconsistency. The interminable word-battle which Mr. Mill keeps up on this point throughout the examination is wearisome. In every charge he quotes Sir William in flat contradiction to himself, while Mr. Mill is open to the counter charge that he has not advanced from his original basis as laid down in his system of logic at all, which is just as fatal to the consistency of one whose high claim is to be a progressive philosopher. His first charge against Hamilton is, that he denies the Relativity of human knowledge, which he professed to hold. This is the chief dictum of Hamilton and the foundation of his great specialty, the Philosophy of the Conditioned. But it clashes with his original beliefs and with his opinion that we have an immediate consciousness of the *non ego*, as, for instance,

the primary qualities of matter, and these inconsistencies Mr. Mill states at the outset, with crushing weight against him. This point established, his Philosophy of the Conditioned, that the Infinite and the Absolute are to us both unconditionally limited, so that neither one can be conceived of, because to think is to condition, is also affected. For knowledge of an exterior existence can not be relative in one case and not in another; and this immediate consciousness of the external world he expressly insists upon in other places. We agree with Mr. Mill, that when you attempt to define Sir William's theory of the Absolute and the Infinite, for want of comprehensible terms, it melts away into thin air. We are between two inconceivables, neither of which we can grasp. As against Cousin, Mr. Mill says, "Whatever relates to God I hold with Sir W. Hamilton to be a matter of inference; I would add, of inference *a posteriori*."¹ But Mr. Mill has himself shown the method of escape from the error of Sir W. Hamilton's and Mr. Mansel's logic, by showing that we can conceive of attributes which are infinite or absolute, as goodness, justice, power, and that, as these can not be other than absolute or completed goodness and infinite or perfect power, and not different, save in degree, from man's incomplete goodness and imperfect power, we do have a practical conception of the infinite and the absolute. Hence we are not left in the dark as to the knowledge of God, though it is limited by our faculties. In upsetting, first by analysing its own inconsistency, and then substituting practical ideas in its place, this Philosophy of the Conditioned, Mr. Mill has done good service to philosophy and to religion.

It seems to us that, while this author is so vigorously contesting the philosophy of the Conditioned, he abdicates the very position which he takes later on in the more positive part of the examination. He grants that we may conceive of God by "inference *a posteriori*"; and his method of argument we have just given: but it is essential to this that our views of truth, justice, goodness shall be the same as the infinite Being's; and hence our minds have the same original sense of the good, the right, the just, which belongs to God; or, in other words, we are made in God's image, having a living soul. Mr. Mill's inference is

¹ Examination of Sir William Hamilton. Vol. I., p. 48.

from the analogy of our own moral sense. In his indignation at Mr. Mansel, he admits the very point whose exclusion elsewhere vitiates his theory of utilitarianism, and thus furnishes the best proof of a deeply-seated moral instinct in man. Again, Mr. Mill and Sir W. Hamilton, by different methods, are at one in regard to the impossibility of our knowing anything beyond phenomena. Sir W. Hamilton denies this here (to affirm it again when needed) because it is inconsistent with his favorite dogma of the unconditioned. Mr. Mill denies it because it claims to know more than is gained through observation and experience. And yet each philosopher recoils from the shock given by his logic to the moral sense; and each then has recourse to the only valid ground upon which theology and metaphysics can stand.¹ To our thinking, each of the theories is true in what it affirms, false in what it denies. Sir W. Hamilton is led by his philosophical theory to bring back the knowledge which is shut down to the finite alone, in the shape of original beliefs given in consciousness; and here he is at one with Reid and the Scottish school, and, as we believe, on right ground. But Mr. Mill is now unsparing in his attacks upon an intuitive philosophy. He aptly says: "When we know what any philosopher considers to be revealed in consciousness, we have the key to the entire character of his metaphysical system."²

Sir W. Hamilton's consciousness is not solely of the *ego* and

¹ This is excellently brought out in an article on Mill's Hamilton, probably by Prof. Fraser, in the recent September number of the *North British Review*, which always sheds light on philosophical subjects.

We wish to refer in this connection to two little volumes by Prof. Fraser. "Rational Philosophy in History and System," Edinburgh, 1858, and "Essays in Philosophy," *ibid.* 1856; both of which are valuable additions, though not more than this article in the *North British*, to a new constructive system of philosophy. We can not forbear quoting his own words at the end of an essay on Leibnitz, in this connection: "We love to anticipate a future history of Metaphysics and Theology in this country more encouraging than these omens seem to forebode; and to have disclosed before us in imagination, as one of the characteristics of the succeeding age, an ethically disciplined spirit operating according to the canons of a well applied Logic, under the increasing light of biblical science, towards the production of a nobly intellectual and yet profoundly scriptural theology, and the attainment, for the Christian religion and the Christian church, of a position among the forces at work in society, which the human agency charged with their maintenance and propagation is not at liberty to disregard." We can only say that he has himself done more than any recent philosopher to bring about this very object.

² Examination, Vol. I., p. 137.

its modifications, but also of the *non ego*. In other words, he taught the doctrine of natural realism or dualism, in opposition to that of cosmothetic idealism, the doctrine of those who hold the existence of an external world—a world, however, unknown in itself, and therefore asserted only as an hypothesis. He held this consciousness of the external world, however, to be only of the primary qualities of matter, the secondary being known through a mediate representation. Mr. Mill differs from him, in thinking that all our knowledge of the *non ego* is a matter of inference alone, and that our knowledge is only representative and largely derived from our sensations, and when he abandons his usual method of cross-examining Hamilton and turns to the statement of his own philosophy in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth chapters, he becomes deeply interesting and instructive. But while he gives a simpler and less dogmatic view of the units of human knowledge than Sir William Hamilton, what he says is only the complete statement of views which are maintained in the sixth book of his *Logic*. He reduces, like Comte, all our knowledge to phenomena. The external world of matter is defined as the permanent possibility of sensation; the consciousness is resolved into "suggestions of feeling." But Mr. Mill has himself assisted us to see the inadequacy of his psychological theory to cover the whole ground. He says :

"Besides present feelings, and possibilities of present feeling, there is another class of phenomena to be included in an enumeration of the elements making up our conception of mind. The thread of consciousness which composes the mind's phenomenal life, consists not only of present sensations, but likewise, in part, of memories and expectations. Now, what are these? In themselves they are present feelings, states of present consciousness, and in that respect not distinguished from sensations. They all, moreover, resemble some given sensations and feelings, of which we have previously had experience. But they are attended with the peculiarity, that each of them involves a belief in more than its own present existence. A sensation involves only this; but a remembrance of sensation, even if not referred to any particular date, involves the suggestion and belief that a sensation, of which it is a copy or representation, actually existed in the past; and an expectation involves the belief, more or less positive, that a sensation or other feeling to which it

directly refers, will exist in the future. Nor can the phenomena involved in these two states of consciousness be adequately expressed, without saying, that the belief they include is that I myself formerly had, or that I myself, and no other, shall hereafter have, the sensations remembered or expected. The fact believed is, that the sensations did actually form, or will hereafter form, part of the self-same series of states, or thread of consciousness, of which the remembrance or expectation of those sensations is the part now present. If, therefore, we speak of the mind as a series of feelings, we are obliged to complete the statement by calling it a series of feelings which is aware of itself as past and future; and we are reduced to the alternative of believing that the mind, or *ego*, is something different from any series of feelings, or possibilities of them, or of accepting the paradox, that something which *ex hypothesi* is but a series of feelings, can be aware of itself.

"The truth is, that we are here face to face with that final inexplicability, at which, as Sir W. Hamilton observed, we inevitably arrive when we reach ultimate facts. . . . I think, by far the wisest thing we can do, is to accept the inexplicable fact, without any theory of how it takes place."¹

This is granting all we demand. It concedes the truth of the Hamiltonian philosophy on this point, and this once granted, we have a datum of consciousness, a self-active intelligence, (not a machine,) a power of self which distinguishes between self and not-self, and by necessary inference, the fact of the existence of matter. Now add Mr. Mill's psychological results to this postulate of intelligence, and you have the means of arriving at the sum of human knowledge. It should be remarked that here he touches the ground, which, in controversy with Mr. Mansel, he laid down as the basis of our true philosophical knowledge of God. It shows that there is a mental unknown, call it datum of consciousness or inexplicable fact, to which every philosopher, whatever may be his theory of the powers of mind, must refer for the residuum of human intelligence: so that Mr. Mill and Sir W. Hamilton actually approach each other and shake hands, by however diverse methods. Mr. Mill may be more accurate in his logical processes than his antagonist, and his own theory is the simpler one and so less easily becomes inconsistent, yet he has failed to prove his points at the

¹ Examination, Vol. I, pp. 260, 261, 262.

very step where conclusive proof was indispensable. We do not care to follow him through this most interesting and valuable part of his book, because we entirely agree that the chief part of our knowledge is gained through observation and experience, and are ready to call him master in all the logical methods of induction. We even grant that the law of inseparable association can be made to account for many of the beliefs which have often been held necessary, and are convinced that all the discoveries which are to be made in speculative philosophy are hereafter to be gained through the method which he inculcates. We put our trust in the positive method of reducing the phenomena of mind to the accurate classifications of science, as much as Mr. Mill.

The next point in this discussion is his attempt to refute Sir W. Hamilton's theory of Causation. Hamilton states that, in addition to cause and effect, there is a first Cause which accounts for substances themselves, that this is creative energy, and that this power resides in the Divine mind. Mr. Mill faults this conception of cause because it is a reflex of "the power of our Self over our volitions." It is based on the analogy of human experience. He himself is a strict causationist, but he sees in cause only invariable antecedence. This coincides with the doctrine of philosophical necessity as stated in his *Logic*, "that, given the motives which are present to an individual's mind, and given likewise the character and disposition of the individual, the manner in which he will act may be unerringly inferred."¹ But while he detects the flaws in Hamilton's scheme, we fail to be satisfied that we have no other notion of cause than the relation between antecedent and consequent. The design-argument we do not now insist upon; but our own observation and experience of cause and effect, whether the product of inseparable association or an original belief, irresistibly leads us away to a beginning and a Beginner, and the mind refuses to be satisfied with anything short of this. Expressed in set terms, Hamilton's theory of causation may be contradictory, but something like it has been the deeply rooted conviction of all races of men; and it seems to us to be a part of that image of God in man, which convinces us that the in-

¹ *System of Logic*, p. 522.

tuitions of man are not unlike in kind to the thought of God. If this conviction is not a postulate of consciousness, it has been acquired through Revelation, and this does not at all impair its truth.

In connection with the theory of causation is the Freedom of the Will, which as a philosophical dogma Mr. Mill attempts to refute. In this we do not think he is successful. He thinks that we are not conscious of being able to act in opposition to the strongest motive, and therefore that the balancing of motives is not a power of consciousness. In reply, we say, that even if we do yield to the stronger motive, we are conscious of the power of choice; and this is all that the freedom of the will need mean. The idea of balancing and then acting wilfully, which Mr. Mill supposes necessary, is not at all so. Having refuted, as he thinks, this view of the case, he turns to the argument from moral responsibility. "Responsibility," he says, "means punishment." Then he attempts to show that the idea of punishment, including that of justice, is not given in consciousness, but derived from the teaching of others. Punishment, he holds, is amply justified on grounds of utility, and moral responsibility ceases to be anything more than the answer to a human tribunal. In such a light, the freedom of the will shrivels to a figment, or is lost in the invariable uniformity of law. This in brief is his refutation of Hamilton. Does it answer its purpose? His interpretation of moral responsibility is not broad enough. If the judgment of right and wrong be latent till called forth by experience, does it not point to a moral intelligence resident in man, which is not in antagonism to an intelligent Creator? In one view, Mr. Mill's statement of the opposition of freedom or liberty in man to the invariable laws by which we are governed, seems true; but in another, and even on his own showing, in his attempt to reduce, in the System of Logic, the laws of human character to scientific method, his own admission of the play of unregulated forces in man gives the postulate of freedom which we demand. Neither philosopher makes a satisfactory argument. Hamilton's is too mystical. Mill's is too narrow in its induction.

Thus far we have dealt only with Mr. Mill as a speculative philosopher, and we are deeply conscious that such a brief criti-

cism of the main topics, omitting entirely the discussions on Logic, is unsatisfactory; yet these salient points are really the only vital things in the work. The discussion of Hamilton's views is often one-sided and partial, not probably intentionally, but from the logical thoroughness of Mr. Mill's mind, which incapacitates him often to see on both sides of a straight line. His Examination he calls an attempt "to anticipate, so far as is yet possible, the judgment of posterity upon Sir W. Hamilton's labors": but while he may not maintain the same rank as a philosopher which he held before this attack, we do not regard Mr. Mill's logical inductions as entitled to full belief. It is an apparent, not a real victory. We say this, with a prejudice for neither side, and conscious that the truth lies between the two extremes here indicated.

His treatment of moral questions is confined chiefly to a tract on Utilitarianism in the *Dissertations and Discussions*, and to the *Essays upon Dr. Whewell's Moral Philosophy*, Prof. Sedgwick's *Discourse*, Bentham, and Coleridge. It is also set forth in the *System of Logic*; but all that is necessary to our purpose is contained in the tract. This was written latest and embraces all that he has said elsewhere. Mr. Mill is a most consistent and earnest advocate of the utilitarian theory. "The creed which accepts as the foundation of morals, utility, or the greatest happiness principle, holds that actions are right in proportion as they tend to promote happiness, wrong as they tend to produce the reverse of happiness."¹ He makes right and wrong "questions of observation and experience." He denies that there are innate principles, or a moral sense, which teach us right or wrong directly. The experience of mankind, from the evidence of pleasure and pain, lead us to desire what is pleasant, to avoid what is painful. Thus the science of morals is strictly human and capable of progressive development. A higher civilization gives a higher and juster code, since it brings larger observation and experience. It is true that the happiness principle is always an invariable term, but opinions change as to what the highest happiness is, and in Mr. Mill's opinion should change continually for the better. According to the theory of utility, therefore, there is no invariable standard.

¹ *Dissertations and Discussions*, Vol. III., p. 308.

He even tries to show that our ideas of justice are the product of human experience as expressed in law. This is his view of conscience :

“A feeling in our own mind—a pain more or less intense, attendant on violation of duty, which, in properly cultivated moral natures, rises in the more serious cases into shrinking from it as an impossibility. This feeling, when disinterested and connecting itself with the pure idea of duty, and not with some particular form of it, or with any of the merely accessory circumstances, is the essence of conscience.”¹

When this pure idea has been “incrusted over with collateral associations” derived from religion, from education, from affection, it assumes, he thinks, whatever of moral obligation there is in it.

This view of morals from a human stand-point may satisfy a heathen like Socrates, because his only appeal is from his own nature to the world in which he exists ; but it does not satisfy a man who believes in God. Mr. Mill uses the law of parsimony in eliminating original principles with the same destructive force in morals as in metaphysics. The fault with his theory is not that it is untrue, but that he makes it take the place of Christian ethics. He takes for granted that no religion is true, and that we can only build upon a human foundation ; and thus this utility theory is the legitimate outcome of the association philosophy. He claims, indeed, that you may add the sanctions of religion or a belief in God to utilitarianism, but it is not necessary.

It is impossible, at this age of the world, to tell how much has been added to our simple, innate ideas by the aggregate knowledge of mankind, but even Mr. Mill is obliged in the last analysis to admit that we have a pure idea of duty, although he claims that the distinction between right and wrong in man is only the contrast of pleasurable and painful feeling, independent of external education. What he admits, however, is the very thing which seems to us fundamentally necessary. Believing as we do in a Divine Being who governs the world, we can not conceive that man's morality is different in kind from God's. If our sense of right and wrong is not founded on the same

¹ *Dissertations and Discussions*, Vol. III., pp. 338, 339.

eternal distinction between right and wrong which belongs to God, then we have only the utilitarian morality, or the consequences of actions, to go by. But if our sense of right has been created in us, however feebly, as we believe it has, and this is conscience, and this moral sense is the inward regulator by which we test outward action, the basis exists in man for Christian ethics, and the utilitarian morality is simply the human or practical existence in affairs of the distinctions which God, in creating man, has made possible for every one of us. Mr. Mill's excessive desire to get on without Christianity has led him to sink out of sight or gloss over this starting point of morals, and so to deny any divine sanction to ethics. But granting this view, and it is the only one possible to a Christian mind, the conscience, being the inward guide, is continually enlightened by divine revelation as given through the Christian church; especially is this so, since the advent of Christ. Thus it is that an enlightened conscience becomes an adequate guide; thus it is that a man's power of judging for himself is held as sacred, and not to be interfered with; thus it is that we escape from the sphere of invariable law in human life, by the consciousness given in conscience that we are acting in accordance with truth; thus it is that man looks forward through the training of his conscience to spiritual perfection as an end, thus it is that he becomes capable of heroism, of resignation and self-sacrifice; thus it is that a sense of duty leads us to the highest spiritual attainments and the costliest sacrifices of humanity.¹

Revelation is here understood as the truths of the Bible, interpreted by the Christian church; and this need leave no one in doubt as to his duty, while it always holds up the true idea that conscience is governed by an infallible authority. Thus Christian ethics give us the invariable law by which conscience is to be educated, and the utilitarian theory laps on to this, as the lower part of practical morality which is chiefly relegated to common experience and observation. Mr. Mill's error is in trying to make his theory cover the ground of Christian ethics—to expand a mundane system to the proportions of one which all here hold to be divine. This is much like trying to change

¹ These views are well stated in Henry Holbeach, Vol. II., in a Letter on the Sphere of Law, addressed to John Stuart Mill. This whole work is worthy of a careful reading by students in mental philosophy.

atheism into theism; and Mr. Mill's system is nothing short of atheism, since it excludes Divinity from morals.

Our objection to Mr. Mill's theory of morals has in fact anticipated what we have to say upon his religious influence. This is everywhere negative. Too deferential to received opinions to speak disrespectfully, he ignores Christianity like a heathen philosopher. His object is to go no further than sight, but he attempts to make our sight or sense-given knowledge cover the entire circle of human wants. He is a believer in progress not only in metaphysics and in physical science, but even in ethology or the science of human character. It was Burke who said that no new principles were to be discovered in morals or government, but Mr. Mill takes the ground that there are, and yet his own fixity of opinion, through many years of thinking on these very subjects, shows that he has gained nothing new. In the department of the physical sciences and of sociology we look for improvement, but not in morals, or in theology. Here our only work is to bring out and apply anew to the wants of mankind, the principles which God has given to man.

When a philosopher puts himself in antagonism with the theological issues of speculative opinion, and overlooks, if he does not deny, the changes which practically Christianity has made in our methods of arriving at certainty in the highest truths, he at once narrows his own vision and his power of comprehensive thought. From whatever cause, here is Mr. Mill's great defect. He does not deny, nor attack, he ignores Christianity. And this gives to his writings on speculative and ethical subjects a bad, depressing influence upon the reader. They are not elevating. In Sir W. Hamilton, you are now and then raised to some point of elevation, from which you see where you are: in Mr. Mill, never.

But in his chosen province of positive philosophy, as the application of the inductive method to science and politics and even in part to metaphysics, he has done a noble service. His acute and logical mind marches through his subjects without fear or hesitation. His higher essays are admirable specimens of clearness of conception, and to whatever subject in the domain of phenomena he applies himself, the result is always an advance in the line of distinct thought. Nothing can be finer as a logical

exercise, than to follow him through the Examination. He advances as if he were the complete master of his subject. And in his synopsis of Comte, the simplicity and clearness with which he states his views is admirable. No one should fail to read his writings for their method alone; but, added to this, in the field we have pointed out, the systematizing of opinion, he is a master from whom we can all learn, and whose opinions and thoughts are most instructive: and in this respect his other writings, which we intend to examine in a future article, will be found to be even more valuable than those already considered.

ARTICLE IX.

THE DISCIPLINE OF DOUBT.

AT no time in the history of Christianity has there been such need, as now, of an earnest, enlightened faith on the part of every one of its disciples. Though human nature remains the same, no more opposed to the truth, and no less, yet a long course of ages seems to have made the restless spirit of man more ingenious in devising new forms of scepticism; while false religion, having the form of godliness without the power, by its protestations of "no creed," or "broad church," is drawing crowds of followers; and, feigning friendship for the truth, is really joining hands with scepticism to pervert and destroy a pure Christianity. Again, the condition of society is no longer what it once was, only a few educated, only a few thinkers, the masses ignorant and indifferent; but the people are being educated, the people read and think, believe or doubt. Accordingly, while this age of general enlightenment has brought great blessings, it has also brought great dangers; and he alone can be pronounced truly happy, who humbly recognizes the divine source of all these blessings, and whose knowledge is ever held subservient to a heavenly wisdom.

Surely, if the character of the time in which we live be such as we have briefly stated, it should well become every Christian,

both for his own greater comfort, and that he may meet all cavillers and questioners, to be "ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh him a reason of the hope that is in him."

There is need, then, of an earnest, and an understanding faith. Earnestness alone will not suffice. The excited enthusiast, whose faith obeys the guidance of impulse, may to-morrow abandon his belief, as impulsively as to-day he adopts and defends it. It matters little, that we only zealously believe something; to be sure that we are in the right, we must know definitely what we believe, and why we believe it.

It is a law of God's economy, that most truths of importance to man should be established only after much toil and trouble, and often long and patient waiting. The true uses of doubt, then, as a means of discovering truth, can not fail to be recognized. For who has not noticed, how often, during a process of investigation, opinions are received, then doubted, then rejected, and others chosen in their place; and all this perhaps many times, before the truth is clearly perceived? Indeed, what wise man holds his newly-formed views of any subject with pertinacity? And the more important the subject, the greater the modesty and hesitation, till sufficient evidence be brought in to amply confirm the opinion to be adopted. Thus, at first, men took the evidence of the senses, and thought the earth was flat, and the heavens revolved around it; but doubts were suggested at last, and they went on reasoning, speculating, and doubting, for more than twenty centuries before truth was established. This is but one of a thousand illustrations which might be cited, of the use of doubt as a principle in scientific investigation.

Let us inquire whether doubt is not permitted to have as legitimate a place in confirming Christian faith. Now faith is the gift of God, as we are expressly told in his word; but God's best gifts to us often come through much tribulation; and such a faith as we are speaking of, is commonly his gift to those only, whom he has led on, through varied trials, to a higher Christian life. We think we are safe in saying, that generally such a faith has known what it is to triumph over doubt.

We should readily suppose that the truths of Christianity had

been by this time sufficiently discussed, for intelligent men to have no doubt of their authenticity; and we should even more readily suppose that the Christian, who professes to believe these truths, would accept without a moment's hesitation whatever was the word of God; but the fact is, that sceptics and infidels continue to vaunt their disbelief in a God, or in a Bible, though in so doing, they are only hurling their weapons in vain against the solid rock; and Christians are still found doubting and questioning, because they can not understand all that they find in the Bible, or, it may be, can not reconcile it with short-sighted human reason.

Now, although, in reference to God and his word, the direct command is "believe," and not "doubt," yet our general statement, in reference to the use of doubt as a means of establishing truth, holds good; for all the doubts of Christians or sceptics, through all the centuries, have only the more confirmed God's truth. The Christian's doubts are a trial, a discipline, to which God subjects him; and from which, if he use them aright, he will come forth happier and stronger. It may be dark for a time, the gloom of doubt and fear may seem so great, that faith can hardly pierce the depressing clouds; but the eye of faith shall never wholly grow dim; however great the darkness, there shall always be some light, and in God's good time, the "perfect day," and with the light shall come hope and strength.

What then are some of the forms of doubt which God permits to his children; and what the discipline connected with these, by which their faith may be strengthened?

The first general form of doubt which we will notice, is in reference to the dealings of God's providence. How common is this among professed Christians! God, for his own purposes, removes some dear friend by death; or he lets riches take to themselves wings and fly away; or he sends war, or pestilence, or some other great national calamity; and in each and all these cases, how commonly are Christians found questioning, complaining, doubting; even, sometimes, almost doubting whether God still reigns, and refusing to be reconciled to his holy will. But God knows that men will thus doubt—"Thou understandest my thought afar off"—and it is his purpose that these

doubts, as well as the previous trials which caused them, should test and strengthen the faith of his children. From doubting whether he be still a God of goodness, he leads them on to know that he is a friend better than any human friend, and that treasure in heaven is better than all earthly riches. From doubting whether he still reigns, he brings them to know that he has not forsaken the earth, but that he is the righteous ruler of the nations.

We may remark, under this first general head, that men ought always to remember, in their own individual concerns, that, while God's providence extends with a sure care to the most minute matters of life, he enjoins upon them to make all reasonable use of the means put in their power for furthering the kind designs of this providence. Isaac Taylor well says, that

"He who in conducting the daily affairs of life, has acquired the settled habit of calculating rather upon what is possible, than upon what is probable, naturally slides into the mischievous error of paying court to fortune rather than to virtue; nor will his integrity or his principles of honor be at all strengthened by the mere metonymy of calling fortune—providence."¹

What man has the right to ask God to keep him from danger or from sin, and then recklessly expose himself to either, and blame God's providence because it does not preserve him? Let such foolish ones doubt God's providing care: justly would he give them over to doubt, to their own destruction; for their conduct is not a trust, but a contempt of God's providence.

The remaining forms of religious doubt to be considered may be arranged under the one head of doubts in connection with the truths of the Bible.

Under this head we notice general doubts in regard to the Bible, as a whole, being the word of God. If we believe that God has not given us a revelation in the Bible, this is Deism. The Deist believes in one God, and that he created and governs the world, but that his only revelation to man is through nature. Thus what is called natural religion is with him the only guide. But that a Christian should be tempted to become a Deist,

¹ *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, p. 121.

that he to whom God has revealed himself in mercy through Jesus Christ by means of the Scriptures, could ever so far err, as to question the divine origin of these Scriptures, would hardly be expected. Yet such is sometimes the fact, as could be shown from the recorded experience of many Christians. We are far from asserting that such doubts could ever so take possession of a Christian, as to become an habitual state of mind. This we believe impossible. But we believe it is possible for various causes, such as physical weakness, wrong education, etc., to keep one who is really a Christian, perpetually oscillating between hope and fear. Dr. Arnold's words confirm this :

"He may be perplexed with doubts all his days ; nay, his fears lest the Gospel should not be true, may be stronger than his hopes that it will. This is a state of great pain, and of most severe trial, to be pitied heartily, but not to be condemned. I am satisfied that a good man can never get further than this ; for his goodness will save him from unbelief, though not from the misery of scanty faith."¹

How many doubting Christians can respond, with sad earnestness, "the misery of scanty faith !" Let them not however despond, but rather heartily resolve, once more, to be rid, if possible, of this burden of doubt. Let them see to it that the body presents no obstacle to spiritual light and comfort. Each part of our being has its relations to every other part ; let them remember this, and, as a condition of the highest spiritual growth, preserve, as far as possible, vigorous physical health. Neither let any known sin stand in the way of spiritual attainment. What but doubt and confusion can those expect, who are striving to form a compromise between darkness and light, sin and holiness ? "Ye can not serve two masters." Moreover, let such doubting ones study the evidences of Christianity. God has not left his truth without means of confirmation to the minds of reasonable beings. And we can not be too thankful for this ; that in hours of darkness, we may again consider those many proofs which wise and good men have set in order, to show the divine origin of Christianity.

Doubt in regard to particular doctrines of the Bible is not unfrequently found in the case of men of much intellectual power,

¹ Life and Correspondence, Vol. I, p. 279.

who are loth to believe any doctrine or opinion which does not convince the understanding, though it be the word of God. They are ever assuming that God does not require of men to believe anything which they can not comprehend. But while God has explained to us every truth which we need to understand, he has also revealed many truths which are just as necessary for us to believe, though there be not a word of enlargement or explanation, but only the accompanying assertion, "thus saith the Lord." Such, for example, is the doctrine of the Trinity. How three persons can co-exist in one, it is certainly beyond human power to understand, though some have attempted to explain it; yet that such is the Divine Nature, we are plainly taught in the Bible. And shall we not believe it, because we can not understand it? But it is a mystery. Well; and shall we not believe a mystery, simply because it is a mystery? Let us carefully question our own experience, and see if we are not every day believing, and acting upon the belief of what we do not understand. Can you explain the existence or the subtle phenomena of light, that element or agent (which is it?) that so mysteriously surrounds all objects, or is as mysteriously removed? Do you perfectly understand how and why it is, that this same clear, colorless medium is made up of seven distinct, positive colors? But you do not hesitate to believe. Think again of all the countless forms of animal and vegetable life. Can you tell me, in one single instance, what this life is; what this vital principle, whose removal we call death? Is there no mystery here? But you do not hesitate to believe. Is any more emphatic illustration needed? If so, we may say, that man is to himself, the greatest mystery of all. He can no more explain his own life than he can that of the lower animal or the plant. But, more than in the case of these, he has a mind, a soul; yet all his speculations ever since the world began have not brought him a sure answer to these two plain questions; what is the nature of the soul? and, where, in the body, is it located?

Let us not, then, doubt any truth of God's word, merely because it is a mystery. Let us not be puffed up with pride of intellect; but rather, keeping in mind how great must be the distance between the finite and infinite, cherish the spirit enjoined in Christ's words, when he says, "Whosoever shall not re-

ceive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." Christianity does indeed present difficulties to our finite comprehension, it would be strange if it did not, but it is just these difficulties which test and strengthen faith. Moreover, every inquiry only more assures the Christian that the difficulties of scepticism and infidelity are far greater than those of Christianity; and in this way his reason and his faith may become reconciled.

But in these days of liberal Christianity, there are not a few, who call themselves Christians, who do not scruple not only to doubt but to emphatically reject certain whole books of Scripture, and retain others. One questions the authority of the Pentateuch; another affirms that the entire Old Testament has not the same divine sanction as the New, and is to be received, if at all, only with many limitations; while others, again, explain away the whole force of the New Testament, making Jesus Christ to have been nothing more than a good man, and the miracles and parables to have been only myths and stories handed down by tradition. Now, whether such persons can be true Christians, is for God alone to say; we do not, in judging systems, necessarily judge men who may be temporarily left in error; you are not responsible to me for your belief, any more than I to you for mine; but we are both alike responsible to God. While some may be confident that they have forever disproved parts of the Bible, we are just as sure, that God must be the God of the whole Bible or of none at all; and we suggest a careful reading of this warning: "If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book."

Perhaps the most common form of doubt at the present day arises from the supposed want of harmony between Natural Science and revealed Religion. Progress in physical science has become the distinguishing characteristic of the nineteenth century. Nor has this been only an advancement in the knowledge of nature's laws, but practical improvements have followed closely upon any newly established theories. Thus has the world been brought to hold larger and more liberal, as well as truer views of man and nature; and at the same time, the various applications

of science to the arts have added almost more than we can conceive to the material comfort of all classes. Inasmuch as the truths of science obey the general law which we have already stated, in being established only after long investigation and great variance of opinion, it is not surprising that the path of scientific investigation has all along been marked by some supposed want of harmony between science and revelation. For a long time this was seen in connection with astronomy. Doubtless with great hesitation did he hold his opinion, who first dared think the earth moved; and as late as the time of Galileo, contempt and bitter persecution were the old philosopher's only reward when he proposed this as his belief. "How can this be? For it is opposed to the Bible": thus they reasoned; and "only after ages of observation and conjecture, during which the phenomena seemed in hopeless confusion; after exhausting the efforts of some of the best minds in every age, the central truth of astronomy at length dawned, and the chaos of conjecture became the order of science."¹ Then nature and revelation were found to harmonize; and the Bible was no longer supposed to have been given us as an accurate text-book in physical science. Subsequently the doubt has been in connection with other branches of science. Since the Mosaic account of the Creation, after calling forth much speculation, may be considered established, through the labors of Christian men of science, such as Hugh Miller and others; now that the unity of the race has been successfully argued against Darwin and his school by St. Hilaire, Prichard, and many more; just now the question of the antiquity of man is claiming attention. But while Lyell may bring forward many real and supposed facts, which seem to assign a far greater age to the race than is consistent with the biblical account, other considerations are strongly urging us to adopt the statement of the Bible, great as the discrepancies may appear. In connection with this as well as all other such questions, what at first seems to be the solid ground of truth may afterwards be found to have been only airy conjecture; and of one thing we may be assured, that whatever are established as the facts of physical science will be seen to clearly harmonize with the statements of the Bible. It is the sceptic's wish and purpose to make it otherwise; but

¹ Hopkins' *Lectures on Moral Science*, p. 18.

we are not speaking so much of the doubts of sceptics as of the doubts of Christians ; and certainly to every Christian the assumption cannot fail to have force, that the God of Nature and of Revelation must be the same. Where then is the difficulty, when there come these repeated cries of "Lo, here," and "Lo, there," and that the Bible can not be true, for science must be? Is God not in harmony with his works? Or is the trouble to be found in man's wrong interpretation of science, or revelation, or both? When then you are perplexed with doubts of this nature, do not give up the search for truth ; but persevere with earnestness, ever keeping your faith in God ; and know, that in the end, all that is now obscure shall be made plain. "Prove all things," but also "hold fast that which is good."

If all Christians would study the Bible more, and with a simple, child-like temper, asking for the illumination of the Holy Spirit, there would be far less doubt creeping in and fixing itself unawares in their systems of belief. God does indeed permit his children to doubt ; but it is his design that this doubt should strengthen their faith ; and this is accomplished, not by fostering and indulging in doubt, but by conquering it. It is an obstacle, which must be overcome ; it is the parasite, whose roots take hold of the life of the plant, and which must be removed or it will surely bring death. We may all find truth in Pascal's words : "There is light enough for those whose sincere wish is to see, and darkness enough to confound those of an opposite disposition."

ARTICLE X.

SHORT SERMONS.

"Take heed, therefore, how ye hear."—*Luke viii. 18.*

IN securing a harvest, abundant and of good quality, three things are obviously necessary; suitable seed; suitable ground; suitable culture. If either fail, the harvest fails. Under this figure of husbandry our Lord illustrates the preaching and the effects of the Gospel. So he couples sowing and preaching, the state of the ground, and the state of heart in the hearer, the harvest of the field and Christian fruits. The text calls attention to the state of heart in the hearer.

I. There should be some previous Preparation for Hearing.

1. Some season of quiet and meditation at home. Many religious services are lost while one is getting into a mood to profit by them.

2. All secular, unreligious business and cares should be left at home. Worldly plans concerning farms and merchandize, contracts and visits, as well as errands and matters of news, hinder the proper hearing of the word. If these are allowed to follow the hearer to the place of worship, then his mind will be as a "way side," and the good seed sowed there will be "trodden down."

3. The entire service of worship must be regarded as a service to God. It must not be prepared, enjoyed or criticised as a literary, oratorical or musical entertainment. It is religious and spiritual. The church is not a lyceum, or the pulpit a platform, or the orchestra an opera.

4. There should be much prayer for and in the hearing of the word. This prayer should be, (a) for one's self, (b) for others, and special hearers, (c) and for the preacher; and this through the service.

5. The hearer should carry to the service a warm, Christian heart. Preaching to cold hearts is like sowing seed in a cold, sleety, December day. A cold audience is likely to insure a cold preacher, and then the seed will rattle on frozen ground.

II. The Way to Hear.

1. With Reverence. (a) For the day; "Remember the Sabbath day," etc. (b) For the Place; "Keep thy foot when thou goest into the house of God," etc. (c) For the Service; "Praise waiteth for thee, O God," etc. (d) For the Word; "How love I thy law," etc.

Some study the dress and manner of the audience; some are rest-

less and uneasy; some listless and dreamy, and some sleep like Eutychus.

2. Regard should be had to the Truth, rather than to its dress or delivery. As some worldly people go to church to study the fashions, so some to study the dress, and style and manner of the truth preached. Leighton in commenting on this text quaintly and forcibly says, while speaking of the different results from the same sermon: "Whence the difference? Not from the seed. That is the same to all. Not from the sower neither. For though there be divers and of different abilities, yet it hangs little or nothing on that. . . . The seed he sows being this word of life, depends not on his qualification in any kind, either of common gifts or special grace. People mistake this much. And it is a carnal conceit to hang on the advantages of the minister, or to eye that much. The sure way is to look up to God, and into thine own heart. . . . If received into a clean and honest heart, it will fructify much."

3. If not always personally gratified with the service, remember that other hearers have other tastes and necessities, and like different topics. There were early hearers who preferred Apollos and Cephas to Paul.

4. Hear with self-application. The profited hearer is willing to be reprov'd, instructed, advised and led. Too many hear for others, and they give away more sermons than dollars.

5. While hearing, a deep sense of accountability for the Gospel should be felt. "The earth, which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God; but that which beareth thorns and briars is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing, whose end is, to be burned."

And so we see why the Gospel is a savor of death unto so many who hear it. They do not take heed how they hear.

"For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—*Mark* viii. 36, 37.

THE asking of a question is often the strongest possible affirmation; as in the proverb, "What can the man do that cometh after the king?"

These questions of our Saviour teach,

1. That a man may lose his soul.

2. That he may lose it in such a sense that the possession of the whole world would be of no value to him.

3. That having lost his soul there is nothing to all eternity that he can give or do to save it.

4. That to secure the immediate salvation of the soul justifies turning away from all business and pleasure, and the sacrifice of all earthly things.

ARTICLE XI.

LITERARY NOTICES.

1.—*History of Rationalism*; Embracing a Survey of the Present State of Protestant Theology. By the Rev. JOHN F. HURST, A. M. With Appendix of Literature. 8vo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1865. [Boston: Lee & Shepard.]

THE central idea of Rationalism is this—that the Inspiration *ab infia* is the judge, without appeal, of the Inspiration *ab extra aut supra*; or in shorter and homelier phrase—that every man is his own Bible. This is claimed to be the capacity and prerogative of the cultivated reason, and defines the rationalistic spirit and movement of the modern age. “The heart should not feel bound to lean upon what Reason can not fathom.” For this bad tendency, the author aims to provide an antidote by giving a critical history of its development. “A history of a mischievous tendency is the very best method for its refutation and extirpation.”

Beginning with the times immediately following Luther's day, he occupies the six hundred pages of his book with a critical account of the opinions which soon began to diverge from the orthodox standards of Christian doctrine. This inquiry he pursues from Germany, through the other countries of Protestant Europe, and to our own land. He does not go into lengthy arguments to confute error, which is not his purpose; but he shows much skill in tracing the progress and spread of false views from often small commencements. His survey of authors is very extensive, and his power to grasp their distinctive shades of belief is abundantly exhibited. We have not before met with his name as a writer; but his spirit is thoroughly evangelical, and his qualifications for his task are amply certified in these pages. His perceptions of the points at issue in this great conflict are clear, and his position with respect to it is distinctly pronounced. It is a sad story and a long one of the warfare thus inaugurated in the nominally Christian world. One very instructive fact

in relation to the progress of the apostasy from the primitive faith, is the gradual disuse, in the churches of the Reformation, of faithful and intelligible catechetical teaching, and the decay of pastoral and pulpit efficiency. The development of these causes of Rationalism is full of admonition. The representation of the depth of degeneracy and triviality to which the pulpit sunk in the reformed countries of the Continent is most painful.

"Christopher Sunday descanted on the 'Perpetual Heart-Calendar,' treating of genera and species, and dividing his themes into 'Remarkable, Historical, and Annual events, Particular numbers, and the amounts of Roman currency, the Four Seasons, the Seven Planets, the Twelve Heavenly signs, and many aspects and useful directions.' All these, this divine claimed, are to be found in the Gospel as in a perpetual calendar of the heart. Another preacher adopted as his theme for a funeral sermon, 'The Secret of Roses and Flowers.' Daniel Keck preached a discourse in 1642 from Romans viii. 18, calling his subject 'The Apostolic Syllogism,' dividing it into subject, predicate, and conclusion. The subject, suffering, was again divided into wicked, voluntary, stolid and righteous; and these further classed into natural, civil and spiritual suffering.

"A sermon on Zaccheus from the words, 'He was little of stature,' claims for its theme, 'The stature and size of Zaccheus.' The first division is, he; the second, was; third, small stature. Application first. The text teaches us the variety of God's works; second, it consoles the poor; third, it teaches us to make amends for our personal defects by virtue. Tholuck well asks, who would imagine that the author of this sermon was the minstrel of 'When the early sun arises,' 'Oh Jesus, all thy bleeding wounds,' and so many other deeply earnest Christian songs which have touched the hearts of many generations—the immortal Herman von Kōben? A pastor of Wernigerode preached from Matthew x. 30. His divisions were, 1: Our hair—its origin, style, form and natural circumstances. 2: On the right use of the human hair. 3: The memories, admonition, warning and consolation that have come from the human hair. 4: How hair can be used in a Christian way! A Brunswick pastor commenced his Sabbath discourse on one occasion with the words, 'A preacher must have three things; a good conscience, a good bite, and a good kiss'; wherefore his transition was made to the theme under consideration: 'an increase of my salary.' But it is needless to continue illustrations of the almost universal dearth of preaching. One hardly knows whether to laugh at its absurdity or weep over its prostitution." pp. 70, 71.

Thus scepticism entrenched itself within the churches as its stronghold, from which it is not yet expelled. Children were trained to accept its paganism as the Christianity of the new dispensation. The schools, the universities, the press, joined in the league against the word and truth of Christ, till, about the time of Napoleon's

supremacy in Europe, the lowest point of infidelity was touched, in the almost universal rejection, on the Continent at least, of the faith for which the reformers had perilled life. All this was sacrilegiously palmed off on the public as the legitimate fruit of that glorious Reformation, just as now we are told that Mr. Waldo Emerson is the truest exponent extant of the essential spirit or essence of the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock! The only way in which we can conceive this to be true, is, as a house burning to ashes, may, in some sense, be called a further extension or development of a comfortable family fire.

In the same direction was the altering of the old hymns of the Reformation by the degenerate offspring of its bold confessors. This was carried on upon a scale of strange magnitude. It is like reading contemporary history to turn over these details of literary to say nothing of moral dishonesty.

With Schleiermacher, we reach the date of a reactionary movement which has gathered strength and consistency, until even Germany is largely delivered from the hands of this worse than secular Philistinism. The author traces this movement up from its inception, with an eye steadily directed to the unfolding of the real religious condition of each successive stage of the conflict. Here, too, as before, the relation of the struggle within the church to the philosophy and general literature of the day, is touched upon briefly but intelligently. Considerable attention is given to the controversy occasioned by the publication of Strauss' *Life of Jesus*; and the honored names of Neander, Tholuck, Hengstenberg and others of their associates, are made yet dearer to us by this record of their heroic labors in turning back the tide of anti-christian error from the churches of their fatherland.

Passing to other countries, the Genevan declension is sketched in faithfully dark colors: the English school of Liberalism inside the established church, is treated with much minuteness, and an interesting analysis of parties in that communion is furnished. The influence of Coleridge and Arnold upon theological speculations is shown to have been unhappy in important particulars. The Unitarian defection in the United States is given with sufficient fulness for American readers, and with commendable fairness. Indeed, we notice throughout this melancholy history the absence of a denunciatory temper, the steady prevalence of a desire to maintain a just standard of criticism, which will greatly increase its usefulness as a guide to true conclusions, particularly with readers who may lean in the opposite direction.

The author allows himself in a few verbal inaccuracies. The

requent recurrence of the connective "But" at the beginning of closely following sentences is awkward. This becomes less noticeable as the work advances, and the style generally flows more easily. The word "revelator" is recent and not good. It comes from the South and West, and is needless as well as uncouth, as "revealer" is every way better. *Launching* thunder at an opponent, p. 192, must mean "launching" it. "Resurrected," p. 405—quoted from an American edition of Renan's *Life of Jesus*—is worse than "revelator." There is no authority for it in either of the great American dictionaries. These are easily removed blemishes. The substantial and permanent merits of this survey are many. It is the best book for its purpose of any which have fallen under our eye. Its Appendix of Literature, and Index, are good. We cordially commend it to a wide perusal. It deals throughout with subjects which are of present and vital moment.

2.—*Essays on some of the Difficulties of the Writings of the Apostle Paul*, and in other parts of the New Testament. By RICHARD WHATELY, D. D. From the Eighth London Edition. 12mo. Andover: Warren F. Draper. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1865.

It is a pleasure to read whatever Archbishop Whately may have written, for his style is so perspicuous that there is no difficulty in catching his thought. He always strikes us as nearly all intellect; not dryly this, for there is, now and then, the play of a subtle wit running along his sentences, and he obviously could enjoy the ludicrous aspect of a worsted opponent. But the impression of his pages is that of logic rather than imagination, of mind and not of heart. The more familiar memorials of this distinguished man which his death has called forth, do something to change this verdict. Every really great person must, of course, have a warm side of his nature toward some who have shared his life. But classing people according to the main drift of their character, Whately, more than perhaps any one of his contemporaries, will stand as the sharp, keen, cool analyzer of thought and things.

In this volume, the number of whose editions indicates its high estimation among thoughtful readers, the author enters the domain of dogmatic Christianity, with the purpose of relieving it of various difficulties which he attributes mainly to a misconception of the writings of the apostle Paul. His reasoning to show that the Epistles are the authoritative expounders of the Gospel system of truth, is an admirable specimen of grave and conclusive argumentation. So does he aptly find the probable cause of this apostle's far greater

endurance of personal opposition and danger than any of the twelve, in the fact of his own early hostility to the Gospel and its first confessors: not as a punishment or atonement therefor, "but, that he might have an opportunity of completely retracing his steps, and of feeling that he did so; that he might bring to bear upon his dealing with unbelievers the knowledge of the perverse prejudices of the human mind," which he had gained experimentally; and, by all his own singular progress from darkness to light, might the better play the "Great heart" in leading the first converts and churches through the countless and sore perils of their new pilgrimage.

The first and second Essays, on The Love of Truth, and on The Difficulties and Value of Paul's Writings Generally, are excellent. So is that on The Influence of the Holy Spirit. The extraordinary gifts of that Divine agent to the early church are well discriminated from those which are permanent and universal among Christians, and the superior value of the ordinary over the extraordinary gifts thus bestowed, is clearly shown. But while all these Essays are marked by great ability, we are far from endorsing all the theology which we find in them.

Dr. Whately expends much labor and erudition in endeavoring to relieve the apostle Paul of all complicity with Calvinism, particularly with reference to Election, Perseverance, and Imputation of sin and righteousness. He regards these views as a gratuitous impeding of the acceptance of the Pauline Christianity by mankind, and puts, in the best possible form, the counter side of the case. Men are elected, with him, not to actual salvation, but to the privilege or opportunity of this. Christians will not persevere in holiness by virtue of electing grace, but by personal endeavor. Men are not guilty of Adam's sin, nor is their righteousness Christ's, but their own. Dr. W. is too candid not to admit that his opponents commonly hold, with himself, that the electing and preserving grace only works with the person's own efforts which are always demanded to ensure salvation. But he says that they have no right to put in that statement, and that it does not help them, if they do. We shall not here argue this point with our author. We claim the right to this proviso, and that it relieves us of all serious difficulty in the premises. Whately admits that his scheme is not without its embarrassments: also, that his doctrine is "arbitrary" in electing men to the opportunity of salvation. p. 100. Moreover, he concedes that "predestination," as held by his opponents, may be true as a metaphysical fact, and part of the Gospel scheme; only he denies that it is revealed as this. p. 141. Why, even in Christian lands, thousands are born into well-nigh inevitable perdition, he

allows to be a fact which "neither Calvinist nor Arminian can explain; nay, why the Almighty does not cause to die in the cradle every infant whose future wickedness and misery, if suffered to grow up, he foresees, is what no system of religion, natural or revealed, will enable us satisfactorily to account for." p. 109. We do not see, therefore, that his removal of the difficulty of a Calvinistic election amounts to much. He certainly maintains a doctrine of "reprobation," also, about as stringent as any which we encounter from orthodox pulpits.

He misconceives the position occupied by Calvinists when he says: "Absolute predestination to eternal life evidently implies the physical impossibility of ultimate failure": in short, the necessary perseverance of the elect. p. 128. We know of no such doctrine in our churches: what there may be abroad, we do not know. Neither is the fact of Imputation held so as to make Adam's sin or Christ's righteousness ours, as if by a literal transfer of personal qualities, which is a psychological impossibility. Indeed, there is a good deal of battering down imaginary giant-castles in these pages.

It is a very curious disquisition which maintains that the Scriptures are in the habit of teaching doctrines, and to some extent moral duties, by contrary representations of them, thus requiring us to strike the resultant of actual truth. This is a nice operation, and, as the author confesses, a dangerous one. With respect to doctrine, the path is more obvious, and we might claim that our Calvinistic symbols should equally have the benefit of this rule of interpretation, as they merely enunciate biblical propositions mostly in biblical language, not attempting a metaphysical adjustment of the opposite and seemingly opposing ideas. As to practical morals, the case is less clear. The author's argument grows out of his erratic and questionable theory, that the Christian dispensation has wholly abrogated the Mosaic law, civil, ceremonial, and moral. To this he devotes the fifth essay. Not that we are released from morality. But we are bound to it through the power of abstract right and holy love, not by the Ten Commandments. He argues earnestly that this is the only way to make a highly pure and spiritual religion—by throwing the conscience and will on the ultimate principles of goodness, with no constraint from positive statute. Beautiful as is this ideal of a virtuous life, we are not at all convinced that the Gospel of Christ occupies any such position. We deny that its "liberty" is at all infringed by the continued obligation of the decalogue upon believers in Jesus.

The Sabbath, of course, passes away, as founded upon or propped by the Fourth Commandment. The Archbishop is not a strict con-

structionist on this subject. His Essay on "Infant Baptism" defends the meaning of regeneration as denoting the visible relation of the subject to the kingdom of Christ, and that this is the scriptural use of the term. Thus he would avoid the objection urged against the liturgy of his church. We were a little surprised at the positiveness with which he repels the imputation against its teachings, that "whoever is baptized is a Christian and will therefore be saved." He says: "Now I feel certain, from long experience and attentive observation, that there is no ground whatever for the imputation here conveyed. I mean that it is not true, as is evidently designed to be implied, that there exists any party, school or class of men among our clergy—even the worst of them—who teach such a doctrine." Our impression was quite different—perhaps from the fact that not a few of the membership, we are very sure, do entertain that ground of hope for themselves, which further appears to us most natural. If we err in this opinion, we should be most happy to know it.

In a note on p. 338, we discover a remark which, to our mind, speaks much for the Christian conscientiousness of this distinguished prelate. We commend it to the notice of our Episcopal brethren. It informs us, that he adopted, in his diocese, the rule of admitting none to "confirmation," who were not prepared immediately "to attend the Lord's Table"; so as to guard against the "error which I well knew to be prevalent of bringing forward for confirmation, persons unfit or unwilling to partake of the eucharist, and who, too often, never do partake of it at all."

Dissenting as we do from many conclusions arrived at in these pages, we are glad that a new edition, with the author's last revisions, is issued, and that it is to be followed by another volume on *Some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion*. Dr. Whately's works are all of permanent value. Their study can not but sharpen and strengthen the mind, and however they may miss, at some points, what we regard as the sense of Holy Scripture, the reverence manifested for the authority of that word of the Lord is deserving of all praise and imitation.

The publisher will allow us to direct his notice to one or two errors which are important enough to be corrected on his stereotype plates. On p. 30, third line from the foot, a *not* is evidently wanting before "to relax." On p. 230, eighth line from the top, "*Ænon*" should read *Eon*. We have lost our reference to a few other less serious inaccuracies.

Again we are compelled to ask, why can not our publishers go to the small additional expense and trouble of indexing alphabetically a work of important reference like this? At Andover, we should

think it would be easy to find enough to do such labor. The table of contents and the side summaries are good: but they are quite insufficient for a prompt turning to any special topic or text in the volume. We contend that students of such books, as well as their cursory readers, have rights which ought to be respected.

- 3.—*Dante, as Philosopher, Patriot and Poet. With an Analysis of the Divina Commedia, its Plot and Episodes.* By VINCENZO BOTTA. Cr. 8vo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1865.

WITH all deference to a spicy contemporary, we doubt if almost any person of average information could have produced this volume in three weeks. If that might have sufficed to put it on paper, there is an amount of study garnered here which would require a much longer summer than this for its growth and ripening. Nor do we precisely take in the point of the criticism about the "second-hand" quality of these materials. We suppose it hardly to be expected that any absolutely new facts or ideas concerning the subject of this monogram will turn up, though sometimes a "German" pick axe will strike a deposit of hitherto buried ore, in the most unlikely spot. Freshness in treating old themes is to be exacted of new writers upon them: the claim of originality, in these beaten walks of literature, at once starts a suspicion of mental eccentricity and possibly aberration.

This book is a tide-mark of the world's progress. Six hundred years ago, Italy was at the sunrise of a "revival of letters" from the dreary night which, nearly as many years before, had shut down upon the dissolution of the Roman Empire. It had been a darkness which might be felt; but it was scattering before the returning light. Europe was all astir with the new inspiration. It was the age of intellectual reconstruction. All the life which was in the old world was pouring again into the tide of men's ideas, through the recovered and popularized classic literature. Politics were undergoing a not less decided change in the direction of liberal views. Men were beginning to look out from the ancient homestead, with a suspicion that this earth was perhaps as large again as they had thus far regarded it. They were stretching their limbs, so long bent up in painful postures, with ominous indications that, before long, the race would require more room to lie down and rise up in than had hitherto sufficed. Even the old ecclesiastical system had begun to feel the jostling of the uneasy times, and St. Peter's crown did not sit so quietly on anointed heads as a hundred or two years gone by. Just then, Dante came upon the exciting stage, born in 1265; and this book is one of the birthday memorials which the six hundredth an-

niversary of that event has called forth with the prodigality of both an individual and a national enthusiasm.

It is remarkable that this ovation of the Italian people to their great poet, should have taken place in the midst of another reviving of their country as profound as was the awakening of it from former slumbers, which welcomed his birth. The Dante jubilee is one of the proofs of this new arousing. Young Italy came forth to say to the age, through this celebration, that again she is alive and on her feet, as when her illustrious son wrote his name for immortality, not as a poet only, but as a patriot statesman, on her then heroic annals. It was an act of love, almost of religious devotion. There was a more than poetic justice in the assignment of these ceremonies to his own beloved Florence, where he had lived and sung, and administered the government of the state with equal wisdom and purity; and from which, at thirty-six years of age, he had been sent forth by a hostile faction, to an exile of twenty years of noblest fortitude amidst keenest sorrows, from which death only released him.

Dante was one of the few men who not only represent all that is best in their own age, but also herald the coming fortunes of their race, as if by a kind of prophetic ordination. Without falling into a vein of blind hero-worship, one may concede his uncommon learning in literature, philosophy, science, statesmanship; his great sagacity, and remarkable powers of persuasion; his magnificent poetic genius; his devoutly religious spirit and life. All this he dedicated to his country's service with the heartiest zeal. Just at the era of his nation's newly begun existence, he threw himself into her history with a moulding and impelling force which has had very few parallels. No one man has ever more directly and energetically influenced his own countrymen than he. He did more to form the language of Italy to its present beauty and purity than Pascal did for the French—nearly if not quite as much as Homer did for the language of the Greeks. He opposed, with all his influence, the political designs of the Papacy, as reorganized by Gregory VII. and Innocent III.; and though he died in the Roman communion, he was really one of the reformers inside that church before the Reformation. He had the loftiest sense of honor, an utter freedom from unworthy self-regard. What can be nobler than his response to the magnates of Florence, when they wished him to return, under the safe conduct of a general amnesty, as if a pardoned enemy of the State. "Can I not everywhere behold the mirror of the sun and the stars? speculate on sweetest truths under any sky, without giving myself up ingloriously, nay, ignominiously, to the populace and city of Florence? Nor shall I want for bread."

All this personal greatness and goodness of his illustrious countryman is worthily commemorated by the author of the present work. In addition to this, he gives us a lucid analysis of Dante's writings, particularly of the *Divina Commedia*, with copious illustrative quotations. The volume is an excellent introduction to the study of that master-piece of imaginative composition. We close it with a new impression of the truth which Mendelssohn so well expresses in one of his letters from Rome: "It is a thought fraught with exultation, that a man is capable of producing creations, which after the lapse of a thousand years, still renovate and animate others." That is the true immortality.

4. — *Sesame and Lilies*. From Lectures delivered at Manchester, 1864. By JOHN RUSKIN, M. A. 1. Of Kings' Treasuries. 2. Of Queens' Gardens. New York: John Wiley & Son.

THE day has come when whatever John Ruskin may write on any subject is sure of being read. The angry dissent may be spoken; he may be sneered at; the critic may pick flaws, but the honesty, the simplicity, the fine thoughtfulness, the right intention of his writings is patent to every one; and such is the longing in these days of surface writing for books which are made because these authors had something to say, that a book from him, now and for so long the acknowledged master of the art of making an English sentence, is a notable event in the literary world. No educated man can ignore the fact. And though the author shows in this *brochure* something of that all-talking egotism which is so often the attendant of riper years, he has won so high a position that it is not unpleasant, but rather the means by which we gain the every day opinion of a thoughtful man on literature and art and life; he talks familiarly with his readers; his words have the sweet flavor of personality; and, indeed, it is one excellence of all Mr. Ruskin's books that he confides his loves and hates to his reader.

Sesame and Lilies is one of the series of works in which he has been trying to teach the English nation, from his absolute point of view, how to think and act. It is made up of two lectures delivered in Manchester in 1864, one of which is entitled, "Of Kings' Treasuries," the other, "Of Queens' Gardens." These are the fantastic titles by which he introduces first a Discourse upon the Kingly Power of a noble Education, and secondly a Discourse upon "What special portion or kind of this Royal Authority, arising out of noble Education, may rightly be possessed by Women; and how far they also

are called to a true Queenly Power." One answers the question, Why to read; the other, What is woman's place, and how shall she be educated: and you see at once that he has chosen a practical and attractive theme; and when we add that he writes with the deep intensity of personal conviction and the careful compactness of a conscientious scholar, you need no further incentive to read and study the book. But this outline is only the frame upon which he hangs his brilliant tapestry of thoughtful word-painting. The value of good books, the difficulty of reading them so as to carry away the true meaning of the author, the majesty of the great authors whom we look at daily upon our book-shelves, the kingly power that they confer upon us when we allow them to teach us the difference between a sensitive nobility of feeling and mere vulgarity, and England's terrible deficiency as a nation in a true sensitiveness to power in literature, or excellence in art and science, or beauty in nature, and her sordid pursuit of gain—those are the topics which Mr. Ruskin treats upon with all his well known tact and mastery. And in the second lecture, pursuing the subject in its application to woman, he defines her place and power, her suitable education, and "her queenly office with respect to the State" with a justness and correctness and delicacy which make it perhaps the finest prose tribute ever paid to woman. It honors the author's heart; it shows his nobility and greatness of heart. Much as has been said since Tennyson wrote the *Princess*, about the sphere and work of woman, nothing has been published since his famous lines which so pointedly and truly and naturally speak the intuitions of cultivated common sense upon this subject. The coarse platitudes of literary blue-stockings or the insane doings of masculine women are as mere heavy thunderings compared with Mr. Ruskin's keen flashing conceptions of womanly grace and beauty and power. This lecture has the delicate aroma of poetry. Its pen-pictures, its felicities of phrase, its melodious sentences, its exquisitely choice and gentle culture cause you to linger upon every page. And its truths are so evidently the final thought of one whose instincts have been unusually pure, and opportunities of experience large, that no teacher of youth can rightfully neglect its study. It gives the ideal result of a true womanly culture, just lifted above the common-place of our ordinary lives. There is just enough of imagination to lend the "precious seeing to the eye." We wish it might be scattered broadcast throughout the land.

The storm of abuse which in England has met the passionate protest of the first lecture against persistent money-making, shows how keenly and directly Mr. Ruskin's honest words have cut into the

British heart. And here is the mistake which the author has made. He loses his patience. He lacks the skill of the preacher. He denounces the people he would reform. His own pure longings for a generous and gentle life among the greatest number of men and women can not wait for the delay and weakness of human nature. But while this may blur the effect of his teaching in England, though we are hardly more appreciative, we look for an excellent influence from this little volume among ourselves. The beauty and sincerity of its thoughts will command attention; and it can not but be widely read, and to every reader it will bring a blessing. It will give him higher notions, making him purer and wiser and happier.

The chief defect in this volume is the fault of all Mr. Ruskin's writings. He is impatient of a logical evolution of his thoughts. It is difficult to sum up his teachings into any settled plan. And again, he shows how people ought to be improved, without laying down patiently any plan. He theorizes, but is not practical. It is perhaps the nature of such minds that they can never trace out their intuitions or build the ladders by which mankind may reach up to their level.

But why is it that an author who commands such a circle of readers can not be published in a style comporting with his excellence? Here is a writer upon the beauty of art, on whom have been lavished none of the arts of printing and binding which have given such an added grace and dignity to the writings of Thackeray and Dickens and Tennyson, and yet his books are far more deserving of them. We sincerely believe that the publishers would find an ample return in issuing an edition of Ruskin hardly inferior to the English, and copying in some way the plates which go so far toward illustrating the letter-press. The day has gone by when scholars are satisfied with cheap and imperfectly printed copies of favorite authors. An edition of modern Painters and of the Stones of Venice from Riverside would find a welcome in many hundred homes.

5. — *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M. A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. III., IV. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

WE have spoken, in a previous number, of the first and second volumes of this very able and interesting historical work: the exceeding beauty of the letter-press, the fascination of the style, the patient research, the great (apparent) candor and ingenuousness—almost timidity—displayed in the investigation of matters of profoundest moment in the republic of letters and the Christian church; and the

wide departure from conclusions universally regarded as sound hitherto. These two volumes exhibit the same peculiar features, and embrace a period of eleven years, from Henry's second divorce with the bloody tragedy ensuing, and his new and hasty marriage, in 1536, to his own death in 1547. Poor Catherine of Arragon has reached the end of her troubled life, (Jan. 7, 1536). The fearful tragedy of the beheading of Anne Boleyn on the green by the Tower has been announced to the citizens of London by the booming of that single cannon on the battlements; the Lambeth sentence, which has consigned her name to infamy, has made Elizabeth illegitimate; and the way is thus open for Henry to seek a new matrimonial alliance, and, through that, a prince to inherit his crown. This he has already done, while the body of the murdered Anne is hardly cold, persuaded to the step, almost reluctantly, as our author would have us believe! by the earnest entreaties of the Privy Council and the peers, by making the beautiful and virtuous Jane Seymour his third wife and Queen.

On the 12th of October, 1537, an event happened which filled all England with joy, and all Catholic Europe with dismay; an event which Latimer compared to the birth of John the Baptist. A royal prince was born. But the joy was speedily abated by a great sorrow. In just twelve days the young mother closed her eyes in death. Happy Jane Seymour! Not beheaded; not sent to the Tower; not even suspected of wrong by the jealous Henry: Queen of his palace, his bed, his heart, for considerably more than a whole twelvemonth, she gave birth to a prince and heir to the crown, and was gently divorced by death. "Among all Henry's wives," says Mr. Froude, "she stands out distinguished by a stainless name, untarnished by the breath of reproach."

It was not the fault of Henry, assuredly, that two years passed away before the crown which the virtuous Jane had so suddenly laid aside was placed upon a fourth head. For, on the very day of her death, the Privy Council urged the disconsolate King to make still further provision for the succession by marrying again without delay; to which argument the King disconsolate was induced, in the calm resignation of his grief, to listen; professing himself "in his tender zeal for his subjects," ready for "the election of any person from any part." But negotiations failed, Francis I. declining to accede to Henry's entreaties to send the most beautiful ladies of his kingdom to Calais to enable the royal widower to make his own election; and it was not until December, 1539, that Anne of Cleves arrived in England; and then to make it apparent to Henry and to all the world that "any person from any part" should not have been con-

strued so as to strain too much "his tender zeal for his subjects." Anne did not please him; he called her "a great Flanders mare"; nevertheless, "reluctant," he was married to her on Tuesday, the 6th of January, 1540, and on Saturday, July 10th, of the same year he was released, not reluctant, from the bonds; a convocation of two archbishops, seventeen bishops, and a hundred and thirty nine clergy declaring the marriage "null and void."

Urged again by the Privy Council, for reasons of state, again the patriotic and magnanimous Henry consented to wed, and in this instance Catherine Howard was the elect lady. It is a special relief to know that when, after a year of uninterrupted and unsuspecting domestic peace to the King, Catherine Howard was accused of the foulest dishonor, both before and after her marriage, and tried, and pronounced guilty, and executed, it was impossible to doubt that there was some truth in the charges. That indiscretion before her marriage was proved against her, both Catholic and Protestant believed. It is also probable Henry believed all that was alleged as to her misconduct after she became his wife, and it is quite certain that the parties who so vehemently accused her had the strongest possible personal motives for their conduct, to wit, a very earnest desire to keep their own heads on their shoulders. Henry was growing old, already past fifty; evidently there was no longer any room for reasons of state; the Privy Council afflicted his long-suffering soul with no more importunities; he might now indulge in solitude to the end of his days the grief which his matrimonial mishaps had occasioned. Nevertheless he married, making Catherine, widow of Lord Latimer, his sixth and last wife. She outlived Henry, although she very narrowly escaped the block, for once venturing to express an opinion in a religious conversation with her husband. Of this Mr. Froude makes no note. It would not be convenient for him to note that, and sundry other little incidents, as he would have his readers believe that Henry was not only one of the most chaste of princes, but justified in all his treatment of his wives.

How many things of grandest import happened during the eleven years of which these two volumes treat; events which have largely shaped the history of the civilized world through the following centuries to the present time, and whose results are only partially seen as yet. Amid cloud and tempest, fierce animosities and struggles, religious and political and social, plots and counterplots, persecutions, banishments, gibbets, and fires of martyrdom, the star of the Reformation was steadily rising, and Henry was made the instrument, in the hand of God, of blessings to England and mankind which he never honestly intended. He broke the power of Rome;

he gave the Bible to the people ; he exalted men of humble birth to a high place in his kingdom, thus impairing the ancient prescriptive rights of the nobility, and initiating a reform which was to reach no finality until the House of Commons should become the controlling power in the British government, and the rising tide of democracy should threaten to plough the parks of the nobles as a field, and to overturn the throne itself. Some of the greatest, best, most heroic men that the world ever saw, lived and acted their illustrious part, and died during that dreadful, stormy, bloody period, sealing their testimony, as patriots and citizens, with their blood. What magnificent pictures does Mr. Froude give us of Hugh Latimer, the dauntless Christian preacher ; of William Tyndale, to whose incomparable genius and great learning and apostolic piety, faith and love and courage, we are mainly indebted for our version of the English Bible ; and even of Reginald Pole, of whom he would fain have his readers think only as a vain, ungrateful man, returning evil for good to the most generous of friends and most forbearing of monarchs, which he declares Henry to have been. We must ask Mr. Froude's pardon, nevertheless, for professing a sentiment very like admiration in listening to the faithful Reginald while he addresses to the haughty King such words as the following : "Was it indeed your conscience which moved you? Not so. You lusted after a woman who was not your wife. You would make the word of God bear false witness for you ; and God's providence has permitted you to overwhelm yourself with infamy."

That Henry was a prince of magnificent powers has never been questioned. His contest, single-handed, with Rome in the height of her supremacy, was such a feat of daring as the world has not often witnessed ; and its momentous issues impart to it great moral sublimity. That the world is still reaping immeasurable benefit from the measures he carried, is equally true. That his age was barbarous ; that he offended both Catholics and Protestants, the two great contending parties for the empire of the world ; that all men were warped by prejudice ; that every European court was full of intrigue and lies ; and that Henry was maligned : all this must be admitted. It is also true that the wrongs he did to women have brought upon him fiercer execrations than all the wrongs to man that have ever been laid to his charge. That Mr. Froude's labors have set some things in a new light and will secure a truer appreciation of Henry, we are glad to believe. This history is a masterly work, and deserves to be not only read, but studied ; and it will be studied. We deliberately affirm, nevertheless, that, with only these pages from which to glean evidence for a verdict, we are pressed directly to the conclusion that,

with whatever great and noble and statesman-like qualities, the stalworth Tudor was the incarnation of cold, cruel, remorseless selfishness, with whom a fancied personal wrong was as the greatest of state crimes, and who shed the purest and best blood in his kingdom as lightly as that of the "great, goodly and fat hart," sent by the hand of his servant to Cardinal Wolsey on his way to France to discuss, in a convention of cardinals, the affairs of the church.

6.—*The Life of John Brainerd*, the brother of David Brainerd, and his successor as Missionary to the Indians of New Jersey. By Rev. THOMAS BRAINERD, D. D. 12mo. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publication Committee. 1865.

"ALTHOUGH not so great a man, John Brainerd was as holy as his brother David." This was the judgment of their contemporaries, and it was doubtless just. John lacked his brother's genius—that ineffable spirit, part mental and part, we had almost said, divine, which, aside from his pious single-heartedness, gave him power like a living magnet. David Brainerd had a large suffusion of this ethereal *aura*. John had none of it. But he had all the rest. He was a most faithful missionary, toiling on, for a generation of years, with great sagacity, earnestness, self-sacrifice, and good success in the work which his brother had begun. David's rapid course had been like a three years' flight of an angel. John followed on foot, like any apostolical mortal. The transition of this history of evangelization from the one to the other of these brothers, forms one of the strong attractions of the volume.

The editor has fairly exhausted his subject; and the picture he draws of primitive missionary toil and hardship is very instructive. Valuable information is given concerning our early relations to the aborigines of this country, and some reproofs are administered on the selfishness of our public policy toward this race, which are righteous. It is a lamentable and shameful record. The author deals rather too much in exhortation to his readers, to improve the general run and tenor of the story for personal stimulation to duty; tells us oftener than is needful, where to stop and admire his hero's excellences. He forgets, perhaps, sometimes that he is not writing a sermon.

There is some carelessness, moreover, in the authorship. We do not know the authority for writing President Samuel Davies' name, *Davis*, as it is here uniformly given. Nor is there any adverb, "repetitiously." The adjective form of this word, which seems to be a favorite with the biographer, is awkward enough. We protest against its being turned into the still worse adverbial state.

The notes and appendix contain much curious antiquarianism. We honor the author's diligence and loving spirit in fulfilling this task. It reminds us of Old Mortality chiselling out the epitaphs of the Scottish Martyrs on their moss-grown headstones.

7.—*An Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction*; Including also Familiar Pseudonyms, Surnames bestowed on Eminent Men, etc., often referred to in Literature and Conversation. By WILLIAM A. WHEELER. 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

OUR literature has become so laden, rather than always embellished, with allusions to famous personages and events, real and fictitious, and it is so easy to describe a thing by this sort of personation, that a work explaining such references, under an alphabetical arrangement, is as necessary as an ordinary vocabulary of the language itself. How vast an amount of this material lies along the track of English authorship alone, for a century or two gone by, is shown by the size of this volume which has been limited to but a part of this general field. The labor of selecting the topics for this book, must have been about equal to that of preparing these explanations. The author announces, in his well written Preface, the principles which have guided him in this extension of the Appendix which he furnished for Webster's last edition. The favor with which that experiment was received, has amply justified him in thus continuing his labors, and we doubt not the present volume will find a ready sale. To the younger class of readers, it must be invaluable.

With the difficulties so obvious in the path of such a compilation, we are not disposed to criticize the volume for omissions which every one will be easily discovering, since there is no end to the subjects which might seem as much entitled to a place here, on the plan explained by the author, as others which are admitted. Thus, it is not apparent why "Tam O'Shanter" should not be noticed as much as "Ichabod Crane"; why the "Doctor Dubitantium" should not be found along side the "Dulcifluous Doctor." We think the Scripture allusions might very well have been omitted, as they are found explained in so many common books. Almost every one knows what "Azazel," "Gabriel," "Baal," "Moloch," signify; while one might not readily find a key to the "Diamond Necklace," or the "Ring of Amasis," or Carlyle's "Ship of Fools," or the "Blarney Stone" legend, unless he happened to have an Appleton's Cyclopædia: perhaps not even then. But the author proposes to give us another volume, for which he can not lack abundant subjects.

The Pronouncing apparatus is a useful feature of the work, and its

whole style is neat and convenient. We have not looked to find errors in the explanations given, and have not found any, though the author presumes there may be some, which will doubtless in due time be discovered. We shall put this book within easy reach beside Mr. Wheeler's *Manual of English Pronunciation*, which for years we have found a really valuable work. Such labor-saving digests are indispensable in these days of much to do in a short time.

- 8.—*Elements of Political Economy.* By ARTHUR LATHAM PERRY, Professor of History and Political Economy in Williams College. 8vo. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866. [Boston: Lee & Shepard.]

PROFESSOR PERRY here gives us a plain, practical, substantial treatise with no ambitious style, but trusting to the ideas to retain and interest the reader, he unfolds his subject symmetrically, and if not exhaustively yet fully. The questions of value, production, labor, capital, money, credit, etc., are so discussed as to give new light and a deeper interest in their study. It would do some of our uneasy working men great good to examine here the relations between capital and labor. The Professor shows, in most unexpected ways, how mutually dependent the various interests in political economy are. If one suffer, all must suffer with it. So the men of each interest have an independence and kind of sovereignty of their own. This is a book that a free, voting, legislating people, like ours, should study earnestly.

- 9.—*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects.* A Series of Popular Lectures. By J. G. HOLLAND. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. [Boston: Lee & Shepard.]

MR. ALEXANDER SMITH somewhere puts the rather utilitarian query: "But does the production of a questionable book really surpass in merit the production of a field of unquestionable turnips?" If so sensible a suggestion had taken root and borne fruit, these many years gone by, it would certainly have made a great change in the vegetable market, however it might have affected the book trade. Some may think that even Mr. Smith himself might have made a better investment, at times, in turnip-seed than in types. We incline to much the same opinion in the present case. Dr. Holland had better have left his well worn manuscript lectures on the shelf, satisfied with having been "royally paid for" them both in dollars and popularity. They answered well enough for ears predisposed to like them: they do not read so well as they doubtless sounded. It is a literary vice of the day, that authors, who have made a hit,

must put all their old manuscript to press, thinking possibly that their stronger intellectual offspring will help to bear the infirmities of the weaker. It is a blunder which has marred not a few literary reputations. The lecturer has mistaken the courteous wish of some interested auditor, that he would print what had just pleased a charitable assembly of not over critical people, for a verdict of permanent value upon his discourse—a very great *non sequitur*, not unfrequently. He has a lecture here on the art of lecturing, and a vindication of this as an emphatically important adjunct of modern, Christian civilization. We do not see, however, such an illustration of this position in his pages, as to feel very powerfully convinced of the point which he argues. Not that we particularly take exception to the general run of his opinions: but they have neither a freshness or a weight which greatly commends them to regard.

10.—*Life and Times of Joseph Warren.* By RICHARD FROTHINGHAM. 8vo. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1865.

THIS portly octavo is occupied mostly with the local history, in and around Boston, of about ten years immediately preceding the outbreak of our Revolutionary war. Dr. Warren's life is the centre around which this large amount of material is grouped. It travels over a much frequented road, in its more popular details; consequently, it is difficult to gather up any considerable amount of fresh interest. But those were stirring times, when Faneuil Hall and the Old South Church rang with the harangues of the Sons of Liberty:—the pulpit of the latter got so used to this sort of eloquence in those days, from civilians as well as the clergy, that it has not lost the habit yet. It is curious to read the accounts of the popular enthusiasm of that date, in this old city: "Garrets were crowded with patriots; mechanics and lawyers, porters and clergymen, huddled promiscuously into them; their decisions were oracular; and from thence they poured out their midnight reveries. They soon determined to form an independent empire." So writes a contemporary Tory.

This memoir is too much loaded with documents to be sought after by the patrons of our circulating libraries. It is better adapted to the shelves of our Historical and University Societies, and to the private collections of gentlemen of wealth and literary tastes. The distinguished subject of it is well portrayed in the impulsive yet deep-seated patriotism which has marked him out so prominently among the leaders of that revolution. His worth to the cause of freedom lay not so much in what he did, as in the personal enthu-

siasm which he threw into the work. He set others a high example which they followed; especially, he fired the young men of this region with an ardor in the resistance of foreign tyranny, which bore rich fruit in the war which came after. Warren was the Theodore Winthrop of that struggle for nationality—perhaps we had better said, its Colonel Ellsworth. The fame of these men does not spring from such elaborate books as this, nor is it increased by them. Fortunately, the expense of book-making is too great to give much encouragement to this voluminous style of life-writing, except of the few master spirits of their age.

11.—*The Life of Abraham Lincoln.* By J. G. HOLLAND, Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. 8vo. Springfield: Gordon Bill. 1866.

THE purpose of this memoir is to delineate the personal character rather than the official life of Mr. Lincoln. Leaving to others the more elaborate historical view of the stirring times thus recounted, the present biographer keeps his eye on the individual development of his illustrious subject, turning the material in his hand, from whatever quarter gathered, to this main design. In this he has achieved a good success. Writing in full sympathy with his theme, he throws a warm coloring over his work, which, however, does not go beyond the measure of truthful eulogy. The book is full of fascination. Its earlier chapters read like a romance. The picture of Western life and adventure is perfect, as we know by long and intimate experience. The later narrative of Mr. Lincoln's successful career is careful and graphic. The author's subject controls him, and bears him along on its deep current, not as on a holiday voyage, but one of most serious import. Yet his pages are everywhere sprinkled with the irrepressible facetiousness of the inexhaustible story-teller. If this was a weakness in Mr. Lincoln's character, it gave him a magnetic popularity in his younger days, helped him largely to the power which he afterwards used so benevolently, and certainly made his perplexed and burdened presidency much less chafing than otherwise it must have been. This biography comes nearer to meeting the popular want on this subject, than any other life of Mr. Lincoln yet issued. The worst part of the volume is its paper, which is of the dingy, muddy tinge usually put into books that are sold about the country by agents, at enormous prices. We heartily join in the wish expressed by several of our contemporaries, of late, that the book-peddling business, which is a great nuisance, might be stopped; but our hope is not equal to our wish.

- 12.—*Grant and Sherman; Their Campaigns and Generals.* By Hon. J. T. HEADLEY, Author of, etc., etc., etc. Comprising an Authentic Account of Battles and Sieges, Adventures and Incidents, including Biographies of the Prominent Generals who brought to a triumphant close the Great Rebellion of 1861—1865. Sold only by subscription. 8vo. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. 1865.

"THERE are men that will make you books and turn them loose into the world with as much despatch as they would do a dish of fritters." But what would the Knight of La Mancha have said, had he lived amid the deluge of our war literature? What with biographies of every brass buttoned official who had a private secretary, or hopes to be governor, and special narratives of almost every affair which smelt of powder, the griddle shows no signs of speedily cooling off. We would like to remind these prolific writers of the wise remark of the same military critic: "I have also reason to believe, Mr. Bachelor, that to compile a history, or write any book whatsoever, is a more difficult task than men imagine. There is need of a vast judgment and a ripe understanding": very different work this, from that of Don Quixote's painter, "who, being asked what he painted, answered, 'as it may suit'; and when he had scrawled out a misshapen cock, was forced to write underneath, in Gothic letters, *This is a cock.*" We must be allowed to say, that the title page, which we here give in part, without, however, all its emphatic typography, ridiculously reminds us of the *chef-d'œuvre* of the aforesaid "painter of Ubeda."

This flamboyant beginning may not be the author's fault: from the half dozen pages of most fulsome publishers' puffs by which it is flanked, we presume it also may have been gotten up by them with an eye to business. An author who falls into such hands is to be pitied, if he cares for anything but his percentage. The book itself is only of ephemeral value. Mr. Headley has a turn for battle scenes. His style dashes along like a cavalry rider, or oftener, perhaps, makes one think of those impossible equestrian statues poised on the terminus of a stiff tail as if just ready to vault over the Alps. It was unfortunate—probably that we looked through his pages soon after reading General Grant's Report to Congress, the other day. Writing like that ought to stop this inundation of half-baked "fritters." There is a profuse sprinkling of tolerable pictures and portraits in this thick, large type volume, which will make it look worth its three or four dollars to its rural subscribers.

We will add a word or two more to what was said in the last notice, about the books published for canvassing agents. In nine

cases out of ten they are a cheat as to the amount of work and material given for the prices demanded. Thick, cheap paper, coarse type, immense spacing, and broad fragments of blank pages, are made to swell the bulk of what could easily be put into half the size. For this the purchaser pays so as to yield enormous profits to somebody. If the substance of what is thus paid for were of a high literary order, it would be better. But the actual fact is much like sticking a lighted candle into a hot candlestick—a ruinous consumption at both ends.

13.—*Companion Poets for the People*: ROBERT BROWNING, O. W. HOLMES, W. C. BRYANT. Vols. IV., V., VI. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

THE publishers have found enough that is intelligible and, in a sense, popular in Browning's works, to make up this addition to their nice little series of poets, for universal circulation. This son of the Muses is eccentric, brilliant, orphic, metaphysical, rich in a weird sort of cutting, Mephistophelian irony. He carries it to the very verge of the impious sometimes, in expression, as in the

"There's a great text in Galatians."

Yet he does not seem to mean to be wicked in this daring; rather you detect some sharp hit which he would give to something which to him, at least, appears worthy of death—whether it is, however, may admit of a doubt. Then there is another side to him—an almost womanly tenderness which gushes up, here and there, with indescribable beauty. This little volume will endear Mr. Browning to many who have not ventured before to form the acquaintance of so wizard-like a genius.

Dr. Holmes laughs and jests and fidgets through these "Humorous Poems" of his contribution. He is funny, yet if he should venture to be even as funny as he could, we don't think the stars would be shaken down by the laughter. He has at least the trick of the poetical game, and at long intervals shows symptoms of a true poet's heart. But he is not much to our taste in prose or poetry. Smartness commands a quick market, but there is not much immortality in it.

The clear, breezy, stalwart spirit of Bryant is in striking contrast with each of the former poets. He breathes the bracing air, and sings his song with a ringing note, as free from morbid humors as the lark which carols at heaven's gate. He is so true to nature and the human heart in its healthy moods, that his most familiar poems never can tire. Here are the best of his shorter pieces. We look into their faces as of old friends, and welcome them in this neat at-

ture. Bryant's reputation is a growing one. He has struck the chords which, once vibrating, will vibrate forever.

The illustrations in this series are not of a very satisfying order. In these volumes, these given to Bryant's verses are the best. The pictorial inspirations of Dr. Holmes' muse are mostly such extravaganzas as make hideous the pages of our comic newspapers. There is a prodigious wood-cut revival just now going on in Boston. We hope some genuine artistic improvement will come out of it. But honestly, we think this series of poets would be worth more without than with the whole of the pictures. Some of them are pleasing; but less considerably than one half. We think it was the "Autocrat" who once, in a prospectus for some magazine or serial tale, protested loudly against being "illustrated." Pity that he, at least, had not renewed his protest and held to it, in this instance.

- 14.—*Personal Reminiscences of the Life and Times of Gardiner Spring*. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866.
[Boston: Lee & Shepard.]

Few authors succeed in biography: fewer still in autobiography—so the critics have adjudged. It does not help the latter kind of authorship that it is ordinarily deferred to old age. Fourscore years do not leave the retentiveness of memory, or the mental vivacity needed to give such memoirs the requisite degree of variety, versatility, delicacy of drawing and toning. They are apt to be meagre, dry, stiff. As a specimen of writing one's own life, we think this attempt no exception to the general rule of failures. But these volumes are to only a small extent autobiographical. They are mostly occupied with discussions of ecclesiastical and social questions to which the last half century has given rise, and with which Dr. Spring has been more or less connected. This gives much historical interest and value to the work. The writer thus passes under review the theological controversy between the Taste and Exercise men; the revival era in the American churches; Missions domestic and foreign; the Andover Seminary, in which episode the original compromise of its founders undergoes an elucidation that clearly shows where and for what ends this institution was started, and by obvious inference, throws light on the present relation of its influence to those primeval objects of its creation, in which Dr. Spring's father was active and prominent. Other topics are, the Hopkinsian and New Haven theologies; the rupture in the Presbyterian church; the Southern Rebellion, in the General Assembly, and out of it; and a variety of other topics of a general nature. Dr. Spring handles all these matters in the direct and positive style of one who has been accustomed to be deferred to as a

"Master in Israel." He tells us early in the narrative that the eldest son of such a woman as his mother ought not to lack for courage, and his long and able career as a public man is certainly free from all deficiency on that score. He obviously considers himself to have come off "first best" in all his passages at arms; and we are not sure but he did.

The work, being taken up so largely with subjects which, at one time or another, have been battle grounds of sharp conflicts, has much more of a polemical than an experimentally devout air; yet there are parts of it which breathe a very tender spirit of Christian sympathy and devotion. In one respect, Dr. Spring has had a truly remarkable life. It is, that being settled in early years over his first parish in New York city, he should have retained it, with growing power, for more than half a century, amid that restless population. Judging from the many volumes which his pulpit has given to the press, we think that he offers an unusual example of what, with the Divine blessing, can be done, by diligence and good abilities, in holding an intelligent people under one's influence, through the medium of a strong, clear, bold manner of preaching, without any help from a high literary culture, or those more striking and winning qualities of mind which go toward making up what is called a genius.

- 15.—*Winifred Bertram and the World She lives in.* By the Author of "THE SCHONBERG COTTA FAMILY," etc. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1866. [Boston: A. Williams & Co.]

THIS popular and successful authoress shows herself in a totally new field. The parties and scenes are of our own times, and among the poor of London. The writer seems quite as much at home here as with the Great Reformer and his friends and times. The style is delightful, and the story, as it unfolds, engrossing; while lessons of practical piety are taught in a most earnest and impressive way. The doctrinal part of the Christianity of the volume is set forth by an intelligent Scotch woman, and of course it is of the most substantial kind. For the readers of romance we regard the work as an eminently useful one.

- 16.—*The Song Without Words.* Leaves from a very Old Book. Dedicated to Children. By the Author of "THE SCHONBERG COTTA FAMILY," etc. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1866. [Boston: A. Williams & Co.]

THIS is one of those dreamy, mystical, allegorical stories, that children so love to read, and, strange enough, catch the meaning of sooner than older readers. Where pebbles and shells, mosses,

grasses, flowers and sea-foam talk, in their watery nooks and caves, our little folk are all ears, and understanding. The whole is sweetly told by this charming writer.

- 17.—*The Elements of Moral Science*. By FRANCIS WAYLAND, D. D., LL. D. Revised and Improved Edition. 12mo. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1865:

DR. WAYLAND has a well earned reputation as a successful educator, and author of text-books. Without any unusual power of independent investigation, he had a practical sense of truth, and a popular ability to give it utterance, which impart to his works a high value. He pervades his writings with the purest Christian spirit, in which some of more philosophical genius than he, might well imitate him. This book on Moral Science is too well known to need much remark. The author has enlarged and improved it, making some changes in the previous subject matter. It was about the last literary labor which he performed, and contains his ripest views on the vitally important topics which it discusses. Its position, as an ethical authority, at least on some points, was sharply enough defined by its expulsion, several years ago, from the colleges and schools of the South. Perhaps it will be popular there yet, in the good time coming.

- 18.—*The Knightly Soldier: A Biography of Major Henry Ward Camp*, Tenth Conn. Vols. By Chaplain H. CLAY TRUMBULL. Portrait and Plates. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1865.

THIS is one of those graphic, simple and tender memorials of the war, that a graceful writer has prepared of an intimate friend. College, camp, and prison life is sketched with vigor, and the noble qualities of the Knightly Soldier and practical Christian are well set forth for the imitation of the reader. We are constantly discovering how much real nobleness, scholarship, social grace and piety ennobled our army and sanctified the struggle. This is one of the brightest and best volumes of our already extensive library of the war.

- 19.—*The Oil Regions of Pennsylvania: Showing where Petroleum is found; how it is obtained; and at what cost. With hints for whom it may concern*. By WILLIAM WRIGHT. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865. [Boston: A. Williams & Co.]

THE new editions of the history of human gullibility will have some rich chapters to add to the South Sea and *Morus Multicaulis sells*, out of these oil-wells which have proved so slippery a speculation to not a few recent unfortunates. An honest man seems here to have

written an honest book about this last wonder in the market. He went on foot over this modern Greece, noted its topography, asked innumerable questions of the wise and foolish, compared his notes, cast up results, weighed and measured the whole, and gives it to whom it may concern in this very intelligible and matter of fact volume. If the Atlantic Cable deserves a historian, certainly Petrolia should have its scribe. We reach the conclusion that there is a good deal in this new opening for money-getting. Of course, some thousands of over hasty adventurers had to be ruined in the process of experimenting with this business. But when the fever shall be over which has obviously passed its climax, a mine of wealth will remain to be worked which will be a permanent source of revenue and untold value, like the coal measures of our Middle States. Mr. Wright's book is full of interest, scientific, economic and personal. He describes the country, the people, the young towns, the well-sinking and working processes, the triumphs, the failures, the *modus operandi* of the whole matter, with spirit and good sense, lubricating his narrative and statistics with the inevitable facetiousness of such pioneering life. The work is a valuable contribution to useful and entertaining knowledge.

20.—*Descriptive Catalogue of the Presbyterian Board of Publication.* Philadelphia. 821 Chestnut St. 1865.

IN this 16mo volume of 432 pages, we have the titles of several thousand books, which have passed the inspection and received the sanction of this well known publishing establishment. They are of all sizes, from heavy octavos like Calvin's Institutes to the small Sabbath school book. While the wants of ministers have not been forgotten, the volumes adapted to family reading fill many pages of this Catalogue. Soundness of religious sentiments and a careful attention to all matters of taste have characterized the issues of this Board, so far as we have examined them. Yet this has not been arrived at by any sacrifice of literary vivacity. A vast amount of admirable reading has been presented thus to the public in neat style and at very reasonable prices. We think our Sabbath schools would find it to their advantage to consult this list of juvenile works in filling their shelves.

21.—MISCELLANEOUS. *Sabbath Psalter.* A Selection of Psalms for Public and Family Worship. Compiled by Rev. HENRY I. FOX, A. M. New York: Carlton & Porter. 1865.

THIS work was prepared at the suggestion of ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, who wished to have the people partici-

pate with the minister in some of the church services. The Psalms here selected are arranged for all the Sabbaths of the year, and so divided in printing as to assign a verse alternately to the minister and to the congregation. For such a purpose the selection and arrangement are admirable.

Little Joe Carter, The Cripple, or Learning to Forgive; Sophia Bleecker, or The Girl who was always in a Hurry; Country Sights and Sounds for Little Eyes and Ears; The Beginning and The End; Willie Elton, The Little Boy who loved Jesus; The Gulf Stream, or Harry Maynard's Bible; The Penitent Boy and Other Tales; Mysie's Work, and How She did it. Presbyterian Board of Publication, 821 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 1865.

These are volumes that will gladden the eyes of young readers, and improve their manners, and hearts too. We rejoice in the issues of this House, and cordially wish them a wide circulation.

22.—OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED. *Fisher's Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity.* Scribner & Co. A valuable and timely work, to which we shall have occasion to return in our next number. Meanwhile, we will only notice here, that throughout the text, and in the general index, it gives the name of the Positivist Comte as *Compte*, contrary to the usage of the *American Cyclopadia*, *Worcester* and *Webster*, and all foreign and home authorities known to us. Is this an error or an innovation?

Bushnell's Christ and His Salvation; and Vicarious Sacrifice: Scribner & Co. :—To be reviewed.

Robertson's Life and Letters: Ticknor & Fields :—To be reviewed.

Herman, or Young Knighthood. By E. FOXTON. 2 Vols. Lee & Shepard. A story of recent perils and deliverances, in our country, dedicated to the mothers of some of our dead heroes.

Massachusetts Ecclesiastical Law. By EDWARD BUCK. Gould & Lincoln. A book deserving more attention than we can now give it.

Hereward. The last of the English. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Ticknor & Fields. A graphic picture of the barbarism and budding manliness of our early ancestors.

War Lyrics, and other Poems. By HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL. Ticknor & Fields. The best poems produced by the war, though not of equal merit.

The Mediterranean Islands. Sketches and stories of their Scenery, History, Painters, etc. By M. G. SLEEPER. With illustrations. Gould & Lincoln. Much better for young people than fancy tales, albeit fancy has not a little to do with its making up.

ARTICLE XII.

THE ROUND TABLE.

OUR SIXTH VOLUME. Perhaps we have come to such years and proportions and standing as not to need an annual introduction to our readers.

We can not forbear, however, to make record of our satisfaction in having established such a Periodical, and in finding it on an independent basis as early as its sixth year. It was our misfortune to commence the work in the opening year of the Rebellion, when so many literary interests came to a close, and almost all contracted their limits. Yet through this trying era we have steadily increased, and open a new volume under more favorable auspices than ever before. These things assure us that we have entered on unoccupied ground, and have the favor of God in our beginning and progress. We hope we are doing a good work for a sanctified literature and the church of Christ; and our increasing patronage by eminent Christian scholars is fast changing that hope into belief.

While we lessen the number and increase the size of our issues, changing from a Bi-monthly to a Quarterly, we do not design any real change in the quality of the *Boston Review*. We do not feel, in making this change, that we are yielding ourselves up to a massive and heavy dignity. We trust we are not yet compelled to that. We hope we shall not become learnedly uninteresting. We purpose the same brevity in our articles; and if some of our contributors say true things in a droll way, or raise a smile midway in some scholastic thesis, or trim their thoughts to a style that is only their own, we shall not mar their manuscripts by making them write by pattern after some renowned authors, who gained their renown by not following any pattern. With something of theology, and religion, and literature, and broad topics of the day, we purpose to furnish a *Review* that many will read, all respect, and not a few delight in.

PIOUS GAMBLING. We find the following in the advertising columns of the *Daily Evening Traveller*, of Dec. 20, 1865:—

“NOTICE TO UNITARIANS. Fairs are becoming unpopular. Why? Because they have features of questionable propriety. Among those are *lotteries, raffles, grubs*, and other *sales by chance*.

“The East Boston Unitarians will hold a Bazaar at Horticultural Hall, Boston, commencing Dec. 18th, and lasting one week, without any of those obnoxious peculiarities. Gifts, presents, holiday articles, flowers, wreaths, refreshments and other articles for sale at reasonable prices.”

We read the above with profound satisfaction, and we take this method of tendering to the Unitarians of East Boston our most heartfelt thanks for the valuable service they have thus rendered to good morals. How greatly such an example is needed in this particular direction, it can not be necessary to remind our readers. We take leave to commend this action of the East Boston Unitarians to the attention of those professing a stricter creed. To buy a slice of cake at a fair, for the chance and with the hope of getting a gold ring which is concealed in the loaf, is a transaction which no casuistry can remove from the category of gambling. All "sales by chance" fall under the same character. If a minister goes into his pulpit on the Sabbath and preaches earnestly and eloquently to the young men of his congregation against the ruinous vice of gambling, and if, during the week, in the vestry of the same church, those young men be persuaded by pleasant smiles and soft voices to buy a slice of the ring-cake, or a ticket in a lottery or a raffle, and all, it may be, for the embellishment of the aforesaid pulpit, there is a painful inconsistency. And if one of the young men should win the gold ring, or, perchance a gold watch, and should find the scruples which had been strengthened by the faithful warning of his pastor strangely giving way, and, step by step, should pursue the downward road, until he should plunge recklessly and hopelessly into all the profligacy and wretchedness concealed in the gilded saloons they call "hells," would it not be according to the immutable law by which

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow"?

and would no part of the responsibility of that hopeless wreck lie at the door of those by whom the little acorn was planted? We commend this especially to the very serious consideration of those Christian matrons and maidens who may be honored with a place in the Committee of Management in getting up a Fair.

The great Soldiers' Fair, held in Boston two years ago, is still fresh in the memory of the community, as are also the things which were done there. An excellent army chaplain expressed to us at the time his deep sorrow, on the soldier's account, that so damaging an example should be set for them in the sober Christian city of Boston, in the raffles, lotteries, etc., by which the receipts of the Fair were unquestionably largely increased. Gambling, he said, was one of the most contagious and ruinous vices of the army: many a young man gambled there who never gambled before, and many wives and children and widowed mothers of soldiers suffered because the money which should, and otherwise would have been sent to them, was lost in gambling. Many a young man, he also said, had stood firm against all solicitations; but he feared lest, in such instances, the last barrier would

give way, when he learned that so many excellent people had been patronizing gambling in Boston for his especial benefit.

In past centuries lotteries were employed by European Governments as a means of raising revenues. In the year 1569 a drawing was held at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral, in which there were 40,000 shares, at half a sovereign each. This was for the repairing of the harbors of the kingdom. Within a recent period the French Government derived a large revenue from lotteries under its immediate direction, but so demoralizing were the results found to be, that the whole thing has been abolished now for some time by a law with very heavy penalties for its infraction—nothing less than confiscation and imprisonment. In England, for the same reason, the popular opposition had risen to such a height in 1823, that the last lottery was tolerated because it was the last. In the United States large sums of money were raised by lotteries in former times for great public works and for the founding of literary and philanthropic institutions, although as early as 1699 an Association of Ministers in Boston denounced the lottery as a "cheat," and its managers as "pillagers of the people." Within the present century express statutes for the suppression of lotteries have been framed in many States; in Tennessee, Virginia, Massachusetts, etc. In New York and Pennsylvania, lotteries have been declared to be public nuisances. It is well known that Art Unions have been ruled to be lotteries, and prohibited by the express decisions of both American and English courts.

Can any one tell us what is the difference in principle between the lottery which was drawn at St. Paul's Cathedral in 1569, and the lotteries, raffles, grabs, and other sales by chance, so much in vogue in modern religious Fairs?

UNSANCTIFIED SCHOLARSHIP. The opinion gains with us, that the best writers on religion are religious men. In writings where the heart must come in so largely to interpret and express, as in Commentaries, theological treatises and works on practical godliness and of devotion, it seems absolutely necessary that the heart of the writer should be both favorably and piously affected towards his theme. Surely in interpreting and expressing the Word and will of God, his friends must be better than his enemies.

We are confirmed in the view by noticing the fact, that unsound religious theories are usually found connected with undevotional feeling in the same person. Indeed we feel assured that ardent piety must lead in the safe exposition of Scripture, and sound writing of theology. And this we say, thinking specially of not a few authors,

home and foreign, on biblical literature, the evidences of Christianity, interpretation and dogmatic theology. They so lack an experimental and hearty sympathy with their work, that it must be taken with a cautious allowance. Many of the German biblical scholars treat the Scriptures learnedly, but professionally as authors, as they would Homer or Philo. This is not reasonable or safe. Devoutly doing the will of God, gives great insight into his Word. Who but a devoted Christian can properly expound the Gospel and Epistles of the beloved disciple? Religious writing and preaching and teaching, as a profession, with only a professional interest in it, is no way safe; and if we mistake not, many errors in theology and religion have come into the church through unsanctified scholarship. Not that pious platitudes, and the names of the Deity, and sacred references, as common-places, make a work religious. A tone of deep, warm piety, practical godliness, and the outlines and bearings of a sound theology, may imbue and pervade a volume, that has little or nothing formally and technically religious in it. But plainly the pen that treats of holy things, to be safe and reliable, must be moved by a holy heart.

SOUR GRAPES—TEETH ON EDGE. That old proverb in Israel, while wrongly applied by the Jews, for which they were rightly reprov'd, is as true now of transmitted character as it was of the fathers and children of Ezekiel's times. Intellectual traits have been observed to propagate themselves along the line of families and races, as certainly as the magnetized wire carries the telegram. This is very noticeable in the comparison of nations, as of the French or the Germans with the Anglo-Saxons. Certain habits or tendencies of mind become fastened, by repetition from age to age, upon the inhabitants of different countries, by which they become known in the community of the civilized world as familiarly as by their geographical location. So is it with the formation and descent of moral qualities. "False as a Carthaginian" was a proverb in ancient days. "Haughty as a Turk" is another of our own times. Within a narrower limit, we often are witnesses of the same thing. The taint of avarice, of dishonesty, of licentiousness, is seen to pass on from parent to child, until spreading out into a numerous kindred, it stamps a general reputation upon the whole. This is partly the effect of example—the young imitating the older, and, for aught we know to the contrary, the result also of an occult, yet real and powerful impress, of one vicious life upon others which spring from it in the order of nature. Who knows but there is a sort of spiritual photography even antedating birth, by which images are printed off in

faint lines which the after exposure to the light will turn into striking likenesses of moral deformity?

No soul is to be regarded as an independent unit, as to its antecedents or consequents. It takes and it gives hues and outlines which determine the quality of new existences. The inclination for strong drink lies, in myriads, as a predisposition of the appetite easily aroused, and throwing over its subject a lifelong dread of its power. Whether such influences are carried down through a physical or spiritual channel, or both, may be a difficult problem to solve. But no doubt is admissible as to the transmission. Parents often wonder at the quite contrary tempers of their offspring. Could they remember, with strict accuracy, the state of their own mental and moral and bodily rightness or wrongness through the past, generally and specifically, and did they fully understand the relation of this personal condition to the organisms emanating from themselves, they might conclude that it is not altogether accident, nor arbitrary fore-ordination which puts a Cain and an Abel, a Jacob and an Esau, a Joseph and a Reuben, in the same household and brotherhoods. They would discover that it makes a vast difference whether they have eaten the sour grape or the sweet.

Contentious spirits are apt to come out of families which have vexed each other with neighborhood feuds and lawsuits, which have quarrelled for years about trifles not worthy of a second thought. Slanderous dispositions are seen to reproduce themselves in the same way: and so on indefinitely. These things are like the subtle poison which sends scrofula through a family connection, through generations; a vitiating influence in the system hard to expel but easy to detect.

What sort of parents John Randolph had, we have forgotten. One might think they were somewhat singular. But that this strong man was not an atheist, as well as an Ishmael, he tells us was due to his mother's teaching him, in earliest childhood, to say; "Our Father which art in heaven."

Most observing persons have noticed, that, in the same community, certain families adhere to a religious or an irreligious career from age to age, bringing forward recruits, with a marked uniformity, to fill the succession of these distinctive characters. There are lineages, which, traced backward, are scarcely broken by an example of decided piety. Fathers and sons have come and gone, travelling all in the same broad road of unbelief; nothing to link their memories with the kingdom of God. They have had the same means of instruction, worship, grace as their neighbors, but unavailingly to break up this hereditary transmission of a worldly life. Peculiar

forms of error thus reproduce themselves. A strong minded ancestor has made a creed, in fact if not in writing, for a numerous progeny. And grand-children and their offspring will wear the impress of that deception so deeply in their souls, that it would almost seem as if a decree of heaven had drawn an impassable line between such clusters of people and a religious profession. They are like sand-plains in the midst of fertile lands. They are not the children of Seth who call on the name of the Lord, save as, here and there, some heart has been driven, by conscious want and pain, to escape from all this freezing spiritual indifference to a living Intercessor, an Almighty Friend. The opposite of this picture is equally apparent, and is one of the most beautiful in society. Causes and effects lie along this tract of thought which, in this day of reducing everything to fixed law, are worthy of more attention than they are receiving.

LANGUAGE. Does language mean any thing *per se*; or only what those who use it intend to signify by its phrases? If a writer be entitled to the benefit of his own definitions, however unusual, is he also entitled to the sense which he may put upon his words? Are these designed to conceal or explain thought? Readers of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* will recollect his curious chapter on the dialect of the *gamins* of Paris. This to them is as positive a language as it is nonsense to every body else. Raverty's Poetry of the Afghans gives us some specimens of a like metempsychosis, in another direction. It is the Sufis' mystic tongue, in which wine is devotion; sleep, divine meditation; perfume, hope of divine favor; zephyrs (not the ladies', we presume) outbursts of grace; infidels, idolaters, libertines, men of purest faith; the idol they worship, God himself; the tavern, prayer or seclusion; beauty, divine perfection; curls and tresses, divine and infinite glory; wantonness, drunkenness, religious fervor and exaltation. This is ingenious; and we would commend to those far away masters of it some students of this occult art among ourselves, who are busily at work in turning our theological terminology, like an old coat, inside out; or rather, perhaps, turning the whole of it out of doors, so far as any legitimate meaning is concerned. We add a brief list of words which these writers are thus prestidigitating: inspiration; revelation; vicarious; atonement; sin; hell; justice; moral law; regeneration; holiness; religion; God. What they mean by these words has about as much relevancy to the facts themselves, as the jargon of Gavroche or the Sufis, to an ordinary dictionary. They are the *lucus a non lucendo* dialect of what the

Princeton Review calls, "the dreamy, unauthoritative pseudo-inspiration of modern mystico-transcendentalism."

THEOLOGICAL JUGGLING. A sentence in the last *Christian Examiner* catches our eye, which is worth a notice as illustrating the facility of drawing a very much too general inference from an admitted fact. Writing of "Orthodox Congregationalism," the author says that

"However tightly tied up it is in the theory of the old theology—as appeared in its late National Council at Boston—many of its ministers possess an adroitness which those famous jugglers, the Brothers Davenport, might envy, in loosening themselves the moment attention is withdrawn, and walking at large before their audience in a freedom wholly unaccountable to those who saw them lately tied hand and foot, with their own full consent." p. 9.

We do not deny that there is something of this among us, and wherever it exists, it deserves severe reproof. But we flatly deny that it can be charged truthfully upon "many" of our ministers compared with their whole number. Of course, there should be none of it found among honorable and Christian men. It would be well for any who may be loose in their morality at this point, to reflect how little credit they thereby are gaining with outsiders whose good opinions possibly they think to win by this jugglery. Our liberal friends should really draw a quite different conclusion from these premises—that such a Council as this of June last is one of the surest pledges how resolved the body there represented is to confine this "adroitness" within the narrowest possible limits.

But has the *Examiner* forgotten the proverb about throwing stones out of a glass house? Are its people, who so stoutly claim to be the Christians of the day, *par excellence*, the ones to be very severe upon others in a matter like this, with the "confusion worse confounded" of its late "Ecumenical" so freshly in memory, and its utter failure to tie up to any sort of a creed in theology which would not suit the baldest Deism? We fancy the Liberal Christianity of the day would feel itself to be much more respectable than at present, if it had come as near to uniting, *ex animo*, on a Confession of Faith, as those did whom it seems disposed to regard as not much better than a troupe of acrobats.

"WHAT," asks Hawthorne in the Diary which the *Atlantic Monthly* is printing, "were the contents of the burden of Christianity in the Pilgrim's Progress? He must have been taken for a peddler travelling with his pack." Doubtless; if he had been seen walking into the *sanctum* of that oracle of Natural Religion.